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AN OLD HAND.

BLUE-VEINED and wrinkled, knuckly and brown,
This good old hand is clasping mine;
I bend above it, and looking down,
I study its aspect line by line.

This hand has clasped a thousand hands
That long have known no answering thrill;
Some have mouldered in foreign lands—
Some in the graveyard on the hill.

Clasped a mother's hand, in the day
When it was little and soft and white—
Mother, who kissed it, and went away,
To rest till the waking in God's good light.

Clasped a lover's hand, years agone,
Who sailed away and left her in tears;
Under Sahara's torrid sun
His bones have whitened years and years.

Clasped the hand of a good man true,
Who held it softly and fell asleep,
And woke no more, and never knew
How long that impress this would keep.

Clasped so many, so many!—so few
That still respond to the living will,
Or can answer this pressure so kind and true!
So many that lie unmoved and still!

Clasped, at last, this hand my own;
And mine will moulder, too, in turn.
Will any clasp it when I am gone?
In vain I study this hand to learn!

EFFIE'S TRIAL.

FROM dawn to dusk you might have heard the clang of Merrick Masters's hammer on the anvil of Hammersly. Often long after the dusk of the Winter's day have I watched the golden sparks as they flew away into outer darkness, through the wide open door, like so many long imprisoned spirits, just set free after years of bottling up. And ever and always, while work was doing under the sloping roof, I could hear a sort of anvil chorus, either whistled or sung by the rich voice of Merrick Masters.

If it had only so happened that some musical enthusiast had come across Merrick Masters in his boyhood, as such a one is said to have met Jenny Lind, singing by the wayside, there need have been no anvil work for him, and instead of toiling for pence and shillings, fortunes might have been showered upon him, and critics might have talked about his "chest notes," and beautiful members of upper tendom have flung bouquets at him, and even penned him love letters on the sly, as they are fond of doing too well, to no matter whom, at the opera.

No musical enthusiast, however, came to Hammersly, and it is doubtful if any body suspected Merrick of being a musical genius, unless, indeed, it was the old parson, who had requested him to make one of the church choir, where he bellowed as gloriously as any basso profundo who ever shook the walls of the Academy of Music, and apologized for it to the owner of the shrill soprano (rather cracked) yelept Miss Spriggs.

"He didn't mean to go a drownding ladies' voices, but when he got a going he couldn't help getting too loud. It was the fault, he reckoned, of the blacksmithing."

The deep snow was white on the ground one December eve, and the golden sparks rushed from the clanging anvil faster than ever, and the song to which the strokes kept time were louder and clearer, when somebody leading a horse stopped at the forge door and looked through with an eye that took in the picturesque scene at a glance.

"By Jove, it's like some of those old Dutch pictures," muttered a voice under a golden moustache. "I'd paint it if I was an artist."

Then in a louder tone:

"Hallo, young fellow, my horse has lost a shoe, and I want it looked to immediately."

The "young fellow" dropped his hammer and strode toward the door, and in another moment horse and master stood beneath the forge roof. Then as Merrick Masters bent down to look at the feet of the splendid animal, the rider, as splendid a personage in his way, sauntered to the fire and stood basking in its genial warmth, and shaking off the feathery flakes that clung to his shoulders. A light-haired, blue-eyed exquisite, as great a contrast to the brown Hercules of the forge as can well be imagined, though in his way Merrick was very handsome.

Just as the blacksmith's whistle began to play about the hoof he was shoeing, and while the stranger was standing with his back toward the fire, admiring the light and shadow on the wall, steps came tripping through the snow, and a girl with a shawl over her head came dancing in from the shadow.

"Tea will be cold, Merrick," she said, "and your mother says—"

There she *stopped*, covered with confusion at the sight of a stranger—one too who stood looking at her as unconcernedly as he might at a picture.

Certainly she was well worth looking at, a pure brunette, with large brown eyes and cheeks like a rose, with lashes long, curling like a child's, and a buxom form where not an angle was visible. It was only a moment that she stood with her red shawl slipping from her black hair, in the full glow of the firelight—the next moment she was gone, and the stranger turned to the blacksmith.

"A pretty girl, that, your sister?"

"No, I'm glad to say," replied the blacksmith.

"Glad? Why?"

"Because she's something better than a sister to me," replied Merrick. "We are to be married in May."

Then out rung the whistle again, shrill and clear, and the stranger asked no more questions. He paid Merrick for his work, and rode away a few moments afterward, and for all the blacksmith knew or cared they had seen the last of each other.

He washed his hands and went into the great kitchen, where at the tea table sat his mother and the girl who summoned him—an orphan who had lived with the old woman for years, ever since she was a child in fact; and had grown into his heart somehow, before he knew it. The old woman was quite displeased when she found it out, for Effie was only "the help," and the blacksmith's widow and the blacksmith's mother felt proud to say that "none of our people ever hired out."

"But for all that there are people in this village who look down on us because I shoe their horses and mend their wagons."

"More fools they to take on airs," said the old woman.

"So say I," said Merrick, "and we would be as bad as they to look down on Effie for washing our dishes. She's as good as you, and a good deal better than me, rich or poor."

And Merrick Masters had his way, and the whole place knew they were engaged in a fortnight.

Now when he went into tea the first question both asked him was about his customer.

"Effie says he is the handsomest man she ever saw," says the old woman.

"So he is," said Merrick, not one whit jealous, "but who he is I don't know. He came and went, and had his horse shod, that's all I know, and he asked me who you were, Effie."

"And I had this dreadful old apron on, too," said Effie.

"He didn't notice that, I guess," said Merrick.

"Why not?"

Merrick laughed.

"Oh, do tell me?"

"Well, he asked who that pretty girl was."

Effie hid her face in her apron, and Mrs. Masters turned her head. She never quite admitted Effie's beauty.

"What notions to put in the girl's head," she thought; and it was a pity, for Effie was vain enough already. A greater pity, too, because whenever a horseman galloped up to the forge thereafter, she ran out, under some pretext, hoping it was the handsome gentleman who had asked "who that pretty girl was." Not that she meant any harm, but to be called a pretty girl by such a man was something glorious.

She saw him at last, and there was a look, a smile, and a bow, and after that, somehow they kept meeting.

Still no harm in it at all, only Effie did not mention the fact to Merrick or to his mother; and Effie learned that he was a Mr. Noreland, stopping at the great hotel in the village, and guessed that he was rich and fashionable.

Often she saw him riding with elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen, but he always seemed the most elegant of all to her; and by and by she fell to contrasting Merrick with him, and wishing that Heaven had made him like Mr. Noreland.

From that she went on to wish that she was a lady herself, and that somebody else was in her place, and to feel above the forge, and the cottage kitchen, and the blacksmith, and his mother, who had thought her below her son, because she was the "help."

One day Mr. Noreland found her shedding tears in a quiet little spot where they were in the habit of meeting by accident, and would have the reason.

"It's nothing—only I'm tired," said Effie.

Mr. Noreland drew close to her.

"Tired," said he, "no wonder; you are too good for that sort of thing; too good to work in the kitchen and wear cotton gowns—and too good to be a blacksmith's wife. It's no use in denying it—you know you are."

"Oh, hush," said Effie, "Merrick is the best man in the world; I'm sure I'm not tired of Merrick."

"Oh, of course not," said Noreland, "and we can't help our feelings," and he sighed.

Then he whispered a good deal that Effie could not understand entirely, but she knew it was very fine and sentimental, as he quoted poetry and made great eyes at her. Out of a hovel, the girl was sure no one ever was so charming, and she went home with the firm conviction that if she chose she might jilt the blacksmith's son, and marry the fine young gentleman.

From feeling sure she could, she began to wonder whether Merrick cared much about her, and to feel sure that Noreland loved her better than his life—and a sharp word from Mrs. Masters finished it.

Something had gone to waste in the store-room, and the old lady fussed and fumed about it as she always did.

"Them as has nothing is allers the most wasteful," said she; "you'd orter remember that you're to be married to a man that has something to manage and to take care of. There's Peggy Grey, never lets a bit spoil, and darns and patches, and makes and mends year in and year out. But she's got three thousand dollars in the bank, besides what will come to her when the old man dies; and she wasn't took in on charity. I wish Merrick had took a fancy to her."

"Say good-by, and let him do so now," said Noreland when the girl had told him her new trouble.

"Ah, but I have no other friends, and no other home to go to," sighed Effie.

"You have," said Noreland, "a friend who will never cease to love you, and a home such as you deserve. Share my home and my life, Effie."

Then he put his arms around her and kissed her, and called her loving names, and she promised him all that he asked of her.

She was to meet him on Monday evening at a milliner's shop in the village, and there they were to take a carriage and go to meet the train. The first practicable moment they were to be married, and after that their bliss was to have no end.

"And as for the blacksmith," sneered Noreland, "he can have Peggy, you know, so you need not fret about him, Effie."

For all that, Effie's conscience smote her when Merrick was kinder than usual, and so full of joy, as the time was now near at hand when she was to be his wife, as they sat together on the porch on that Sunday, and when Monday came she broke china and made more blunders generally than had ever been laid to her charge in years before.

Tea was on the table and Mrs. Masters busy with some dish she prided herself upon, and the sound of Merrick's whistle grew louder every instant as he tripped homeward from the forge, when she slipped up to her room, and putting on her things, slipped down the back stairway, and away toward the village.

If Mrs. Masters missed her, she knew that she would be only too glad to have her son to herself for a little while, and there was no probability of Merrick's following her.

But it was hard to choke the tears down as she plodded through the long green—for the snow had gone long ago, and it was Summer now—and she only made herself brave by the thought that Noreland would die if she did not keep her promise.

"I couldn't break his heart," she said to herself, "even if I could bear to marry another."

She reached the milliner's shop at last, and went to talk to one of the girls. The plan was that when Noreland was ready he was to show himself at the door for a moment, and she was to go out to meet him and say "good-by," just as if she was going home.

Effie sat with one eye on the glass door which opened from the work-room to the shop, while she tried to chat carelessly; in a few moments she saw a man enter from the street—not Noreland, but of all the people in the world, Merrick Masters. Her first thought was that he had followed her, but in an instant she saw that he had business of his own. He spoke some words to the mistress of the shop, and she brought a bandbox.

Of course the bonnet was a surprise for her, and it smote her to the heart to remember that she should be miles away before her birthday dawned. Poor Merrick! would he feel badly? and it was cruel of her.

As she thought thus, the door opened again, letting Merrick out with two bundles in his hand, and two ladies in from the hotel, whom she had often seen riding with Noreland. They asked for ribbons, and went on with their talk while examining them.

"Who was that person standing before the door?"

"Oh, Noreland."

"I thought so. How oddly he behaved. He didn't seem to want us to see him."

"Perhaps he didn't, he has his secrets, I expect. One of them is that flirtation with the blacksmith's girl."

"Shocking! Some one ought to write to Mrs. Noreland."

"Poor thing, she is used to it. You know she's quite middle aged and plain, and he married her for her money. Actually, my dear, he ran away with a girl last Summer. The brother tried to shoot him, and she drowned herself. It was a shocking scrape. If I had such a husband as Noreland, I'd have a divorce."

"So would I. I hope it won't come to that with the blacksmith's girl, she's a very pretty creature."

"Mrs. Print, I'll take four yards of the blue."

The ribbon was cut off, and the ladies took their departure.

Effie was thunderstruck. They had been talking of Noreland. He was married already, and so could never mean to marry her. What did he mean then. And as she asked herself the question, the truth flashed over her mind, and she saw the pit of shame and dishonor at her feet.

Love her! oh no, no, thought Effie. It is hate, not love, or he would not wish to wrong me so. Then as she shrank from the memory of his false words and falser smiles, the honest face of the blacksmith rose before her, and in truth and tenderness it grew plain to her, and she was saved.

She left the girl with whom she had been chatting, abruptly, and ran out of the store. All she prayed was not to meet Noreland, and fear lent wings to her feet. She turned her face toward the forge, and had reached the cross road when a wagon stood across her path—Merrick's wagon—and he was hard by chatting to a farmer over a gate. She heard his voice, and saw the dusky outline of his form, but she dared not speak to him yet. She clambered up into the wagon and hid there, crying softly. The bandbox he had been to get was there on the seat, and she kissed it as she crouched behind it, thinking of his kindness.

Then peeping out she saw some one sauntering up the road to the milliner's. It was Noreland; but the sight only made her shudder.

Ten minutes after Merrick was driving on again, and heard a little noise behind him. He gave a sudden start.

"What's that?" he cried.

"Only me—Effie," said a voice. Then she crept up to him.

"How did you come here?" he inquired.

"I saw the wagon on the road and got in," she said. "Oh Merrick, I'm so frightened. It's so lonesome and dark and wretched there. I'm so glad we are going back to the forge."

So she was. He never knew how glad, for she never told him all, nor why, until years after, when they had been married for years, and the strong love that comes with married life had grown up between them, she used to start up from her sleep, sometimes, in terror, and clinging to him sobbing, "Thank God, I'm back again at the forge."

* * *

YANKEE INQUISITIVENESS.

BY HOWARD PAUL.

HILL! poor Yankee Hill! He was the very incarnation of drollery and *esprit*. We loved to see his smiling, good-natured phiz before the lights, for it was sure to impregnate the very atmosphere with a sense of merriment. He possessed a genius for the impersonation of Down East character, which no actor before nor since his time has approached. He was natural, captivating, easy, and brilliant. With what genial unction he related a pleasantry!—with how much sparkling zest he bantered the follies of mankind! The witticisms flashed from his lips as flakes of light along the orient. A gay, glorious fellow was he, in every sense of the expression.

His store of anecdotes seemed to be inexhaustible; and he was one of those few gifted creatures who could talk all day, and still have something left worth listening to. One never wearied of hearing him. Age did not tarnish,

> "——nor custom stale,
> His infinite variety."

His whimsical stories yet range the length and breadth of the United States, as unowned oddities. They have been passed from one to another, till the label of identity has fallen from them in the vortex of narration. We recognize them here and there, as one will find polished pebbles on the sea-beach. What a grotesque medley his portfolio would present! Spirit of Momus! we invoke thee to assist, by thy potent influence, the finding of this rare legacy!

We remember a scrap of adventure that Hill used to relate, illustrative of the trait of inquisitiveness, so noticeable among the primitive home-spun Yankees. It appears that the comedian was travelling in a stage-coach, and sat next to a gawky, slab-sided Vermonter, who opened the conversation with the usual platitudes touching "weather—crops—and gineral matters of intr's."

"You're travelling, I guess, Mister?" said Vermont.

"If being in a stage-coach behind four fleet roans is any evidence of it, I should think I was," coolly replied Hill.

"Ya-as—you're right. E-e-h!"

A brief pause.

"Travellin' for your health?"

"Not exactly, responded Hill.

"Oh! then, *on biz-ness*, I reckon, eh?"

"Yes—no; that is to say, not precisely."

"E-eh! I perceive—half *biz-ness* and half pleasure"—rolling his large eyes about like bewildered bagatelle balls.

"Something in that way."

And not caring to be deluged with interrogatives, as he could see the breed of his friend, the comedian took from his pocket a copy of "Humphey Clinker," and soon his mind was psychologically with that notable personage.

"Umph!" grunted Vermont, "I beg your pardon, Mister, but is it fur to——"

Hill affected not to hear him. He repeated the question.

"Don't know," replied he, without taking his eyes from the book.

"Well, should yeou think it wuz, considerin' what we've come?"

"Can't say."

Another "slight" silence.

"Like this part of the country?"

"Yes"—in a gruff tone.

"So do I"—edging still closer to Hill.

A moment's intermission.

"Yeou live abeout here, *pre*-haps?"

"No."

"Nuther dew I."

"Umph!"

"That's a strange coincidence."

Vermont here adjusted his cravat—a flowered velvet of a strong gamboge tint—the bow of which, terminating into a resemblance of a tipsy letter X, had imperceptibly jogged round and got under his ear. Bringing the bow back to its original position under his chin, he remarked:

"Excuse me, Mister, do you ever expect tew come this way agin?"

"Have no positive knowledge," laconically replied Hill.

"I spose yeou don't like coach riding?"

"No."

"Not half so nice as steamboat or cars, is't?"

"Quite agree with you."

Here he eased off for a moment or two, and then renewed the attack. Nudging his victim, he said:

"I'm an American, I am."

"Shouldn't have taken you for a Frenchman or a Spaniard," drily remarked the comedian.

"No? I'm glad to hear you say so. I've been told afore now that I had a real Russian mouth, and that my nose was on the Greek style, but I recken they ain't if the truth wuz told."

What possible affinity there could exist between his mouth and Russia, unless it was its extent, would be hard to conjecture. If Greek noses are of that long sort that hasten down to a red point, then *his* nose was Grecian in the extreme. If not, we will avoid a rash classification of the organ, which at a glance happily reminded one of a platina shell, with which lightning rods are tipped, to guard against meteorological disasters.

Hill saw it was no use to thwart the fellow, for talk he would, "come what, come may." The words bubbled through his lips as will-o'-the-wisps swell to the surface of a marsh. The comedian laid down his book, and the Yankee's eyes sparkled in anticipation of a long, gossipy, old-fashioned chat.

"You're an American, I sposo?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Du yew know I thought you wuz?"

"Indeed!"

"Great country this, eh?" after a moment's hesitation.

"Extraordinary country."

"Good kind of land tew be born in."

"True."

"Our mountains tower up as if they knew what they were about, eh?"

"Unquestionably."

"Our rivers *ain't no* puddles, nuther."

"Quite right."

"And I guess our lakes would make folks look if they were hard pushed."

"To be sure."

"I'm glad you agree with me on them pints, I am"—then relapsing for a moment into a blank silence, he started up again with—

"What teown were you born in, if it's not an extravagant question?"

"Boston."

"Crinky, how odd!—I've often been there."

"Ah, indeed!"

Pause of at least fifty-five seconds.

"Dew yeou knew—now don't say it's curiosity—but since we *have* got to talkin', mister, dew yeou know I should like to know yeour name."

"Would you?" said the comedian, laughing.

"It runs in my head I've seen you somewhere."

"Very possible."

"And yeour name is ——?"

"Hill."

"O, indeed! I know a good many Hills living in Varmount; our head thresher's name is Hill, I swow. How odd! There's a goodish sprinklin' of Hills all over Varmount."

The comedian fancied for an instant, but only for an instant, that his name had "given rise" to a pun, but a glance at the hard features of his friend convinced him that the play on the word was grossly unintentional.

"Well, how very strange I should know so very many of yeour name! I shouldn't wonder if I knew people with your full name. What might yeour Christian—?"

Hill saw what was coming, and replied—

"George."

"Is that a fact? Oh, you're certainly joking. Why my name's George, too. Wheeler—George Weeler's my name."

"Oh!"

"Yes. Naow yeou were born—?"

"In Boston—."

"Ya-as, 'zactly so. Boston, *Massachusetts*, of course."

"Certainly; Boston, Massachusetts—New England—North America," said Hill, who, bored to death by this time with inquiries, placidly settled down in the corner of the coach and shut his eyes. Vermont was not to be thrown aside so easily, however; and contracting his sharp features—every angle of which seemed to ask a question—he stretched his neck, and said—

"S'kuse me, but what *part* of Boston were yeou born in?"

Hill's patience evaporated at that moment, and determining to tie up in a packet every interrogatory, replied—

"Near the centre, close by the 'Old South,' about four o'clock in the morning, in the dead of Winter, in Milk Street."

Hill thought he had left the fellow no margin now, and judge his surprise when he leaned over and said—

"If it's not troublin' yeou too much, *what side of Milk Street was yeou born on*, AND WHAT WUZ THE NUMBER?"

The comedian avows that after that "last stroke" he got out of the coach, and pursued the balance of the journey on the box with the driver.

* * *

FOR THE LADIES.

THE Empress Eugenie (it may interest our lady readers to know) has worn two different styles of dress at Biarritz, this season, both of which are worth a special description. The first is a wide Sultane dress, with wide lilac stripes on it, and the skirt opens at each side over a lilac silk petticoat. The Sultane skirt is gored so effectually that there is not a single pleat at the waist, and it is trimmed round the lower part with three cross-cut bands of lilac silk, bordered with lilac fringe, beaded with crystal. The body is composed entirely of lilac silk. It has wide, flat pleats, both at the front and back, and the pleats are covered with an insertion of binche guipure. A small Watteau-hat, with a wreath of delicate lilac flowers round it, complete the toilette. The second is a white muslin dress worn over a bright light blue silk petticoat; the skirt is ornamented with large arabesques of rich binche guipure, and at the extreme edge there are imbricated vandykes, likewise of binche guipure (by imbricated I mean that the vandykes overlap each other like the slates on a roof); a small satin rouleau of the same shade of blue as the petticoat forms a heading to the vandykes. The bodice is trimmed with a berthe of binche guipure arranged in vandykes to match the skirt, and lined with blue silk; the sleeves are ornamented at the epaulettes and cuffs to correspond, likewise the ends of the blue sash, which is tied at the back. These imbricated scollops and vandykes are used for ornamenting a variety of costumes; the youthful Marchioness d'And wore, a few days ago, a costume of silver gray poplin over a green silk petticoat; the shade was that called in France "spring green;" the petticoat was trimmed with imbricated scollops of gray poplin, piped with green silk, and headed with a cross-cut band of green silk, studded with conical jet buttons. The skirt was, on the contrary, ornamented with green scollops, piped with gray, and they were arranged in longitudinal and not inlatitudinal lines as on the petticoat. A gray poplin *peplum*, fitting the figure closely, bordered with similar scollops to those on the skirt; cross-cut bands, studded with jet buttons, on the epaulettes and cuffs of the sleeves. A pale gray felt hat, with a low crown, the brim bordered with green velvet, and the front ornamented with a black wing, completed this toilette. A young Spanish lady, a friend of the Marchioness, wore a costume in the same style, in black silk and silk the color of straw; the cross-cut bands being further ornamented with small straw bell-buttons.

* * *

BEST DRESSED MAN IN PARIS.

A YOUNG English barrister has succeeded in marrying M'lle R——, the wealthiest heiress in Paris, and connected with one of the highest families. The young lady was known to possess an unextinguishable weakness for a well-dressed man, and, by loudly expressing this opinion, had been of more service to the tailors of Paris within the last year than Count d'Orsay in double the space of time. The barrister had many rivals, but the most formidable was a gentleman acknowledged to be the most approved dandy in Paris. The lady selected these two to decide from, and invited them both to her *chateau*. The Frenchman declared to his friends that he meant to cut the matter short at once by so outshining the Englishman by his dress that the latter would retire from the field crushed to atoms by the superior skill he was determined to manifest on the occasion. The Englishman said nothing, made no boast, but accepted the invitation, and together, by the same train, the two rivals left Paris for the seat of war. It so happened that the French dandy had furnished himself with a regular *trousseau* for the occasion at the great English tailors in the Rue de Helder, and the English tailor, out of sheer compatriotism, had told Mr. H —— of what it was composed. A sudden idea flashed across the brain of the barrister. His servant, one of the sanctified, hypocritical *roue* valets, for whom London is always famous, is something about the height and size of the French *pretendu*. Mr. H—— immediately ordered for this ally the exact counterpart of every suit already ordered by the Marquis de la B——. The first day, at dinner, the poor young Marquis was rather disconcerted, when, upon entering the dining-room, his glance alighted upon the very counterpart of himself, standing stiff and self-centred behind the Englishman's chair; and he looked angrily at his rival to see if any insult was intended; but the Englishman was too intent upon making himself agreeable to the lady to notice his ruffled temper. The second day the same scene was enacted, although our hero had completely changed even the style of his white *tournure;* and again was the same ill humor displayed during the whole of dinner, while Mr. —— was profiting by the silence of his witty rival. The third and fourth repetitions were too ridiculous. The young Marquis, too clever and too much the man of the world not to feel the absurdity of his position, prudently withdrew.

* * *

WHO PAYS?

THE newspapers recently recorded the fact that a Massachusetts manufacturing company had just declared a dividend of one hundred per cent. on a year's profits, after reserving surplus enough to enlarge and improve their mill. Another important fact, bearing upon this point, is the announcement of a woolen manufacturer in the same State, that before the war it cost him three dollars and fifty cents to make a yard of cloth which he sold for four dollars, and that now he sells at eight dollars per yard what only costs him four dollars to produce. These manufacturers make goods for the million, and their enormous profits account, in some measure, for the present extraordinary high prices of the fabrics used by the masses. In the face of this state of things, the Radicals of New England are loudly clamoring for more protection, and want a higher tariff solely as a means of increasing their profits. The wants and necessities of the poorer classes are unheeded by these cormorants, and the actual cost of living is advanced to a standard which calls for immediate reform. How long will the people be satisfied with Radical rule?—*Philadelphia Age.*

* * *

BY a recent storm, four vessels belonging to the little fishing town of Barrington, Nova Scotia, were lost, with most of their crews. The number of men drowned was thirty-eight, and this calamity makes twenty-three widows and sixty-five orphans.

CYRUS W. FIELD.

WE hope we do not violate confidence in stating a fact to the honor of a New York merchant, which, though a private transaction, ought to be known. Our fellow-citizen, Cyrus W. Field, whose name will always be connected with the Atlantic telegraph, has twice nearly ruined himself by his devotion to that enterprise. Though a man of independent fortune when he began, he embarked in it so large a portion of his capital as nearly to make shipwreck of the whole. While in England, engaged in the expedition of 1857, a financial storm swept over this country, and his house suspended; but on his return he asked only for time, and paid all in full with interest. But the stoppage was a heavy blow, and being followed by a fire in 1859, which burned his store to the ground, and by the panic of December, 1860, just before the breaking out of the war, he was finally obliged to compromise with his creditors. Thus released, he devoted himself to the work of his life, which he has at last carried through. The success of the Atlantic telegraph, we are happy to learn, has brought back a portion of his lost wealth, and his first care has been to make good all losses to others. He has addressed a letter to every creditor who suffered by the failure of his house in 1860, requesting him to send a statement of the amount compromised, adding the interest for nearly six years, and as fast as presented returns a check in full. The whole amount will be about two hundred thousand dollars. Such a fact, however he may wish to keep it a secret, ought to be known to his honor, and the honor of the merchants of New York.—*New York Evening Post.*

* * *

WHEN you are in danger of eternal enemies, look *out*. When the peril is from your own unbridled passions look *in*.

AN old lady, being asked to subscribe to a newspaper, declined, on the ground that when she wanted news she manufactured it.

THE tears of beauty are like light clouds floating over a heaven of stars, bedimming them for a moment that they may shine with greater lustre than before.

A COUNTRY editor who with a single boy does all the work of his office, says he does not know how he can shorten his expenses unless he cuts off his devil's legs.

BROWN was asked by a young lady who had been dancing the "German," whether "he saw her feet?" "No, madam," he said, with a solemn shake of the head—"far from it!"

MR. M'CLURE, of the Vancouver's Island Legislature, recently spoke for seventeen consecutive hours, in order to defeat a bill. He kept the floor up to the hour of adjournment.

"WHEN was Rome built?" inquired a "competative" examiner. "In the night, sir!" "In the night? how do you make that out?" "Why, sir, you know Rome wasn't built in a day!"

A NEGRO woman of Lexington, Virginia, wishing to make way with her child, left it in bed and placed a wash-tub of water by the side of the bed, and then left home. On her return the child was drowned.

BOOKS of devotion and those of love are alike bought. The only difference is, that there are more who read books of love than buy them; and there are more who buy books of devotion than read them.

A MAN who was boasting that there never was any rope or cord, whether made of hemp, wire, or anything else, in which he could not tie a double bow-knot, was summarily put down by being requested to tie a knot in a cord of wood.

As the bosom of earth blooms again and again, having buried out of sight the leaves of Autumn and loosed the frosty bands of Winter, so does the heart, in spite of all that melancholy poets write, feel many renewed springs and summers.

A FASHIONABLE friend on taking leave of a young ensign who was living in a small apartment said, "Well, Charles, and how much longer do you intend to stop in this nutshell?" To which he wittily replied, "Until I become a kernel."

A MAN in Randolph County, Indiana, supports eight sets of children—one set by his present wife, three by former wives, and one set belonging to the husband of one of his former wives by a previous wife—eighteen children in all. That man is certainly entitled to the sympathy of the community.

AN Irish servant having carried a basket of game from his master to a friend, waited a considerable time for the customary fee; but not finding it likely to appear, scratched his head, and said, "Sir, if my master should say, 'Mike, what did the gentleman give you?' what would your honor have me to tell him?"

A GOOD anecdote is told of a house-painter's son, who used the brush dexterously, but had acquired the habit of putting it on too thick. One day his father, after having frequently scolded him for his lavish daubing, and all to no purpose, gave him a severe flagellation. "There, you young rascal," after performing the painful duty, "how do you like that?" "Well, I don't know, dad," whined the boy in reply, "but it seems to me that you put it on a thundering sight thicker than I did!"

The Columbian.

GEORGE H. MOORE, EDITOR.

BLOOMSBURG, SATURDAY, NOV 24, 1866.

MR. LINCOLN'S POLICY OF RESTORATION.

THE annexed letter needs no comment. Let the country read it. If President Lincoln had lived, we have the assurance of this intimate friend of that honorable man "that President Johnson's policy, as enunciated by him, would, ere this, have been carried into practical effect by Mr. Lincoln."

Coming from one who was the preceptor of the lamented dead—from his relative—from one recognized as his personal, particular friend, this testimony is invaluable. We commend every word of it to the calm, sober, thoughtful attention of the intelligent Republicans:

DECATUR, ILLINOIS, October 2, 1866.

EDITORS STATE REGISTER,—For the past five years there has been no warmer supporter of the Administration of Abraham Lincoln than myself. My support of him was to some extent controlled by my knowledge of him. I have known him from his infancy, and was intimately associated with him during his whole career, up to the day of his death. In his schoolboy days I was his teacher; and, when President, he recognized me as his friend, and as his relation. Knowing him thus intimately, it is but natural that I should know something of his intentions in regard to the settlement of the grave questions that were submitted to his control. His whole Presidential career was a continual struggle against the rapacity, the cruelty, and the recklessness of the radical faction of the great Union party, led by Wade, Butler, Phillips, Greeley, Fred. Douglass, and their confederates; and, whenever any movement was inaugurated that promised a speedy overthrow of the Rebellion, the radical class imposed upon him conditions before they would pledge their support or the support of their representatives in Congress, that compelled him either to sacrifice the country or yield to their demands. I have private evidence that he was in this way compelled to inaugurate policies that were repugnant to the dictates both of his judgment and his heart. Unfortunately for the country, at the hour when his power was complete, when he did not require their aid to accomplish the restoration of peace, the hand of an assassin removed him, and prevented him from accomplishing that good he intended.

Mr. Lincoln was well beloved by the people. Had he lived, the Southern States would by this time have been represented in Congress. The radical curs would have barked at his heels, but the whole people would have had confidence in his purity and his judgment.

President Johnson's policy, as now enunciated by him, would, ere this, have been carried into practical effect by Mr. Lincoln; not because Mr. Lincoln was a greater or purer man than President Johnson, but because the people had, during the gloomy years of the dreadful struggle through which we had been passing, reposed confidence in his judgment and his honesty, and the factious partisan lash could not have destroyed his power with the people. I hope that every honest supporter of President Lincoln—every man who fought in the field or battled at home in behalf of this glorious Union of ours—will not only cast their ballots, but will as well exert all their influence against the miserable combination of fanatics, charlatans, and plunderers, who, under the name of Union Radical party, are now attempting to rob Mr. Johnson of his good name, and our country of liberty.

Yours truly,
DENNIS F. HANKS.

THE PUBLIC DEBT.

THE statement of Secretary M'Culloch as to the amount of the public debt on the first of November, 1866, shows a gratifying reduction. The aggregate is twenty-two millions less than in October, and this average of reduction would show for a year the large sum of two hundred and sixty-four millions.

This, however, refers only to the funded debt of the nation. There are just claims pending against the Government, for which appropriations have been made in part, and for which further provision must be made, amounting to untold millions.

The forthcoming report of the Secretary of the Treasury, to be sent into Congress at the commencement of the session, is looked for with an unusual degree of interest. The Secretary has heretofore given undeserved attention to the clamor about a speedy return to specie payments. The clamor is senseless, because it is urging an impossibility.

We hear much about a redundant currency by persons who seem to have very limited ideas of the extent of business of the country and the means of carrying on even domestic commercial intercourse. The references to other times and other nations might have force if there was any applicability to the present condition of our country. The example of France in carrying on great wars by the first Napoleon without paper money loses its significence, when it is remembered that he marched through fertile regions, from which he took what he wanted "without money and without price." We claim to live under a Constitution which provides that "private property shall not be taken for public use without just compensation," though it must be conceded that this just provision has been in many cases shamelessly disregarded.

The idea that there can be a speedy return to specie payments is scattered to the winds when it is stated, from official sources, that all the specie in the country does not amount to three hundred millions of dollars. Secretary Chase, we believe, estimated the amount at about two hundred and twenty millions. This being the case, how is it possible to resume payment with coin upon such a basis? If the whole amount were put forth to-morrow, it would disappear in a week, and find refuge in private vaults and in the stockings of old women.

The plan constantly harped upon is that of withdrawing from circulation and retiring the Government greenbacks. What should we have in their stead? Not specie, but national bank notes—paper issued upon paper—a diluted currency—which must, from its very nature, not being a legal tender between man and man, be at a discount the moment the greenbacks become scarce.—*Washington Sunday Herald.*

MORALITY IN ENGLAND.

THERE has been of late some fearful revelations of the moral degeneracy of the "lower orders" in England, but a picture more appalling than that presented to us of the state of things in Liverpool it is hardly possible to conceive. An inquiry was a short time back instituted by the town council into the cause of the excessive morality in that town, and the report of the Commissioners draws a picture at which humanity must shudder. The following extract from a London paper will give some idea of the "Slough of Despond" into which that celebrated emporium has been converted:

"For four years has an epidemic of typhus raged with increasing virulence among the working population of Liverpool. Let cholera once take hold of the masses of fallen humanity, and it can scarcely be expected to leave them until it has sucked the life-blood from thousands. Children go drunk to school—ragged schools of course. Women, for love of drink, sell every stitch they wear, saving just the last shred of linen, and then—heaven help the wretches—they sell their hair!"

This is the evidence of the Rev. Father Nugent, who speaks of one woman, the mother of seven children, who sold her hair to a barber for a quart of beer. Women have been "had up" for drunkenness one hundred and fourteen times and more. In one court the women were discovered "all drunk" one Sunday afternoon. The children club their pence together on Saturday night to have a "spree," and get gloriously inebriated like their seniors. The master of the Hibernian school says: "You might as well attempt to empty the Mersey with a bucket as to apply Christian instruction while this flood of intemperance is overwhelming us. Chaos has come over the people. Their seems to be neither law, order, nor decency among them. "Children die which are never born," says Father Nugent. Rents go unpaid, for the landlord fears to be pressing, lest his tenants should "pull the houses down!" "I have four houses in Henderson Street," says an agent, and there is not a piece of timber left in them. They (the occupants) will take away the cupboards, the staircases, and the very slates of the roof, and we cannot catch them."

We just quote one more horror. A tradesman and his wife ruined themselves by drink. The women fell ill, and lay in indescribable filth on her sick bed for months. On a Saturday she died, and remained untouched till Thursday. The husband that day obtained ten shillings to secure the necessary attendance, but instead of devoting the money to its proper purpose, went and got drunk with it. He went home in this state and slept with the corpse! On Friday some persons sent a hearse to take away the body, but when the men saw no person to go with the funeral, they took her out and threw her down in the room again, where she lay till the police had her buried on the following Saturday." As a sequel we are told, "an old woman, who lived underneath, was so much shocked that she died that night." Such is the account that Liverpool gives of itself.

And all this under that aristocratic rule of which the "upper classes" of English society are wont to boast so loudly, and of whose excellencies they are so prone to vaunt as presenting a marked contrast to the vices of democratic government.

REDEMPTION OF PENNSYLVANIA LOANS.

"VARIETY is the spice of life." This adage guides the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund for the State of Pennsylvania. One year, when the loans were above par in the market, they selected an over-due loan, gave notice to the holders that, on a certain day, it would be paid off, and paid it accordingly. In other years, the loans being below par, the purchases were privately made. How, does not appear in the Auditor-General's published reports, but they show that, unluckily, the cost approximates very closely the highest point in the market in the whole year, and very far above the average rate of open sales. This year another mode is adopted. Public notice was given by the Commissioners on the twenty-ninth of October (the date of the first notice which we recall) that proposals for the sale of two million dollar Pennsylvania loans would be received until the fifteenth of November, allowing only twenty days, which precluded all foreign holders from competing. This could not have been designed by the Commissioners; but, as suspicious people abound, this circumstance, combined with the possibility that the time at which these bids were to be invited might have accidentally become known early in the year to some enterprising parties, and that the market price has been gradually creeping up, has not escaped their notice, and the prediction has been made that forestallers will supply this sudden and unexpected demand.

We repeat our hitherto expressed opinion that the modes of redeeming the public debt adopted by the Commissioners are wrongs on the community and upon the reputation of the Commonwealth. There are about twenty millions of over-due loans, which, not having been paid when they matured, ought at least to be paid in the order of their maturity. The law does not prescribe either of the plans adopted by the Commissioners. It contemplates a redemption of the loans. But common sense and common honesty indicate the only course satisfactory to a community whose first care is for the honor of the Commonwealth.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

THE live Swann got the better of the Dead Duck in Maryland on Tuesday.

GENERAL PRESS DISPATCHES.

From Washington.

THE TROOPS ABOUT WASHINGTON.

IT has been quite frequently stated of late, and was on Wednesday positively reiterated in the Washington correspondence of a New York journal, that there are from twelve to fifteen thousand troops in the forts around Washington and Baltimore, and much speculation is indulged in as to the meaning of the presence of so large a force in this vicinity. The facts are that the entire number of troops in the Department of Washington—which includes the District of Columbia, and the States of Maryland, Delaware, West Virginia, and Virginia combined—is less than fifteen thousand, all told. Certainly nobody need be alarmed at this force.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

The line of route of the Union Pacific Railroad, Eastern Division, having been changed from the Republican Fork to the Smoky Hill Fork of the Kansas River, the Commissioner has instructed the Register and Receiver at Junction City, Kansas, to restore some sixteen hundred thousand acres of land to settlement and entry under the pre-emption and homestead laws, and the Register and Receiver at Brownsville, Nebraska, to restore about fifteen hundred thousand acres. The restoration does not make the lands subject to sale at private entry, but only renders them accessible to actual settlers.

THE DIRECT TAX IN NORTH CAROLINA.

The final accounts of the commissioner appointed to collect the United States direct tax in the State of North Carolina have been submitted to the Treasury Department. Over four hundred thousand dollars have been collected at a small expense to the Government. The resignations of the Commissioners, Messrs. John R. French, H. Potter, Jr., and E. H. Sears, have been accepted, to take effect December first, by which time it is expected that most, if not all, the commissioners for collecting the direct tax will be closed.

INTERNAL REVENUE RECEIPTS.

The Internal Revenue receipts to Wednesday for the present month are $15,884,548, and for the month are likely to reach about $21,000,000, which is a material falling off from the same month last year. The receipts of the present fiscal year to Wednesday are, in round numbers, $141,000,000. Commissioner Rollins is now exclusively engaged on his annual report, and one feature will be a comparative showing of the workings of the new law, as contrasted with the law of last year.

THE PHILADELPHIA SURVEYOR.

The indications are now that Joseph Severns, Esq., will be appointed Surveyor of the Port of Philadelphia.

ARRIVAL OF CONGRESSMEN.

The city is becoming quite lively by the arrival of Members of Congress, lobbyists, office-hunters, and others who frequent here during the session of Congress. The lobbies of most of the principal hotels were crowded this evening, the first time for many weeks. The White House was visited on Monday by an unusual number of persons. Among the distinguished persons who called on the President on Monday were the Hon. John Morrissey and Minister Dix, of New York, Generals Frank P. Blair and Fenian Sweeney.

LIBERAL OFFER.

W. W. Corcoran has made a proposition to donate to the Government his magnificent estate, lying two miles from the city, for a Presidential Park, on the condition that the committee appointed by Congress to select a suitable spot shall locate the park on and around it. Counter influences are being exerted, with a view to the location of the park northwest of the city, where the face of the country presents superior natural advantages for executing the designs of the Government on a magnificent scale, and the chairman of the committee has appointed an early day on which to examine the advantages of this locality with the senior Mr. Blair. It is probable, notwithstanding Mr. Corcoran's handsome offer, that the northwestern part of the city will be selected, on account of its excellent adaptation to the landscape and ornamental gardenings.

ANOTHER COUNTERFEITER ARRESTED.

A person named P. E. Reim, of Williamsburg, New York, has been arrested by one of the vigilant detectives of the Treasury Department, for counterfeiting United States fractional currency. A plate for a fifty cent stamp was found in his possession. It was abstracted from the printing bureau of the Treasury Department.

RECALL OF THE MARQUIS DE MONTHOLON—HIS SUCCESSOR.

Mr. Berthemy, formerly Chief of Cabinet for M. Thouvenal while Minister of Foreign Affairs, latterly Minister to China, succeeds the Marquis de Montholon, who has received his instructions to repair to Lisbon. It is to be regretted that the Marquis leaves. His long residence in this country and his knowledge of its manners and customs have made him very acceptable. He married an American lady, the daughter of General Gratiot. His knowledge of Mexican affairs, having resided there for some time during the usurpation of Maximilian, rendered him particularly fit at the present time, when the affairs of that republic are about culminating in the downfall of the so-called empire. The departure of the Marquis will be a source of great regret to his numerous friends here in this country.

AWARD OF PRIZE MONEY.

The prize *Mary Clinton*, captured during the Rebellion by the steamer *Powhatan*, has been recently decreed by the Fourth Auditor for division among the captors. The Subsistence and Quartermaster Divisions of the Third Auditor's office have just succeded in catching up with their work, having been behind time since the close of the Rebellion. In consequence, a majority of the clerks in these offices will be discharged, as it requires but a small force to continue the routine business.

LATEST NEWS.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

FRANCE.

A NOTE FROM THE FRENCH MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

PARIS, Tuesday, November 20.

IT is understood that M. Moustier, the French Minister, is preparing a note on the Mexican question. It is understood that it will be conciliatory toward the United States, and will not object to the recognition of the Juarez Government.

NAPOLEON AND THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

PARIS, Tuesday, November 20.

It is said that Napoleon has invited the King of Prussia to visit Paris.

ITALY.

THE PREPARATIONS FOR THE EVACUATION OF ROME BY THE FRENCH.

PARIS, Tuesday, November 20.

The preparations for the evacuation of Rome by the French troops will be finally completed on the fifteenth of December.

RUSSIA.

A NEW LOAN PUT IN THE MARKET.

LONDON, Tuesday, November 20.

The new Russian loan of seventy million florins has been introduced in the market.

ENGLAND.

THE MANCHESTER NATIONAL REFORM CONFERENCE.

MANCHESTER, Tuesday, November 20.

At the National Reform Conference held in this city, it was resolved to use all possible efforts to counteract the tactics of the Tories, and to prepare the outlines of a Reform Bill.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

PENNSYLVANIA.

DISCHARGE OF RAILROAD CONDUCTORS—LIBEL SUITS AGAINST THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.

PITTSBURG, Tuesday, November 20.

CONSIDERABLE remark and surmise has been created by the summary discharge of seven of the oldest and most prominent conductors of the Western Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and their vacancies filled by new conductors. Rumored changes will be made on other divisions. No cause is assigned for these removals.

Notices have been served on newsdealers of this city against the sale of the *National Police Gazette*, of New York, which is alleged to contain a libel on a young lady in Alleghany, in connection with the Prestley case. Libel suits are about to be instituted.

FLORIDA.

GOVERNOR MARVIN'S MESSAGE.

AUGUSTA, Tuesday, November 20.

Governor Marvin, of Florida, in a message to the Legislature, takes ground against the Constitutional Amendment, presenting at length the reasons which call for the opposition of the people of the State to its ratification. He also alludes to the conflict between the military authorities and the President's policy, as shown by the interference of the former with the civil tribunals in disregard of the President's proclamation, and setting up special judicial tribunals in violation of the United States Constitution.

TENNESSEE.

THE LEGISLATURE DECLARED BOGUS.

NASHVILLE, Tuesday, November 20.

At Murfreesboro, on Saturday, Judge Henry Cooper, of the Circuit Court, decided that the present State Legislature was bogus, and the Franchise Law unconstitutional.

NEW ORLEANS.

OPENING OF THE STATE FAIR—IMPOSING RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES—PONTIFICAL HIGH MASS.

NEW ORLEANS, Tuesday, November 20.

The great event of the day has been the opening of the first Louisiana State Fair, at the fair grounds, four miles from the city. Over thirty thousand people were present. Mozart's Twelfth Mass was performed by over fifty artists and a grand orchestra, and a pontifical high mass by Most Reverend Archbishop Odin, beginning at noon. The regular opening ceremonies began with prayer by Right Reverend Bishop of Louisiana, Dr. J. P. B. Wilmer, assisted by the Episcopal clergy. Addresses were then made by Isaac M. Marks, Esq., President of the Association; Judge W. M. Buswell in English, and Judge Victor Burthe in French, the orators of the day. Immense quantities of machinery and implements are on the grounds, and more arriving; also horses, horned cattle, and other improved stock. It promises to be the starting-point of a new era of unexampled prosperity to the Southwest.

NORTH CAROLINA.

GOVERNOR WORTH'S MESSAGE.

RALEIGH, Tuesday, November 20.

Governor Worth's message was sent to the Legislature to-day. After discussing purely local affairs, and the hopeful aspect, he then declares that law and order exist at all points. The civil authorities give adequate punishment to all offenders. Justice is meted out to all colors. He opposes negro suffrage and the Howard Amendment, and recommends the Northern States to encourage the diffusion of freedmen in their midst. He says everything seems to invite emigration to the dominant States, but the most of them are too poor to pay the expenses of moving. The difficulty may be overcome by diverting the appropriation to sustain the Freedmen's Bureau to defraying the expenses of those who may choose to move. Each one chooses the State or Territory to which he would go. When left free, and aided, they may go where they think their condition will be bettered, and no ground will be left for further sectional strife. As to their government, the military and civil authorities are harmonious. The balance of the message is devoted to the suppression of crime and pauperism; taking care of the poor; apprenticing negro children; the election of a United States Senator; the Military Academy; and the like.

MEXICAN AFFAIRS.

Maximilian's Reported Attempt to Leave Mexico.

His Intentions Accidentally Betrayed and Frustrated by the French.

WHY A FORMAL ABDICATION IS DEMANDED.

WASHINGTON, Tuesday, November 20.

MINISTER ROMERO has received the following:

VERA CRUZ, November 1, 1866.

Maximilian has not sailed yet, nor is it likely he will sail soon, as the French would not allow him to leave until he signed a formal abdication. A little indiscretion of the Commander of the Austrian frigate *Dondalo* has been the cause of this.

When Maximilian left Mexico General Bazaine thought that he came to Orizaba merely on a little excursion, as he had gone to Cuernavaca and other places.

Day before yesterday the Commander of the *Dondalo* received at midnight a dispatch from Maximilian ordering him to have his frigate ready yesterday at five o'clock P.M., at which time Maximilian expected to be here, and wanted to sail at once. As soon as the Austrian Commander received this dispatch he called on M. Peyron, the French Commander, to take leave of him, showing the dispatch he had received, and asking orders for Trieste. M. Peyron sent at once this information to General Bazaine, who dispatched instructions by telegraph to the French Commanders at Orizaba, Cordova, and Vera Cruz, not to allow Maximilian to escape, and addressed himself to the Archduke, stating that he knew his plan to fly from Mexico, but that he could not be permitted to do so unless he would formally abdicate.

The reason of this conduct is, that should Maximilian leave without a formal abdication, the position of the French would be very difficult and ridiculous; while, if he abdicates in their favor, they will be released from their engagements toward him. It is said that Maximilian will be obliged to return to the City of Mexico and submit to Bazaine's terms.

FIENDISH OUTRAGES.

THE Chicago *Times* gives the details of outrages committed by an old man of sixty-five, the like of which could hardly find a parallel among the savages. After giving accounts of previous outrages committed by the fiend, it furnishes the following, which led to his arrest: "About two years ago George Hartman, a common laborer, while doing a job of work, became acquainted with Frederick Beck. As both men worked upon the same job they soon became intimate, and Hartman finally invited Beck to visit him at his house. The invitation was readily accepted by the latter, and he soon ingratiated himself into the good will of Hartman's family, particularly that of his little daughter Susan, about eleven years of age. He made her several small presents in the course of a week or two, and finally invited her to his house, for the ostensible purpose of making her a present. The day before Easter, 1864, the little girl went to Beck's house to receive the promised gift. She had, however, no sooner entered the dwelling when, as it is alleged, the dastardly wretch committed an outrage upon her. At first she strenuously resisted his efforts, and cried aloud for help; but when he pointed to the wall from which hung a gun and sword, she became too much intimidated to make further resistance, and his devilish purpose was accomplished. His threats of vengeance completely sealed the lips of the young girl, and the fear of his anger put her under his complete control. Beck now gave up his own house, and took up his permanent abode with Hartman, and for a year and a half the child had to submit, at intervals, to his unholy embrace. About two months ago, within the lapse of twenty-four hours, both Hartman and his wife died of cholera. This left their child all alone in the world, and gave Beck complete control over the orphan. She managed, however, to escape from him, and, giving information, caused his arrest. During the progress of the trial the office of Justice Schoenwold was densely crowded by the neighbors and residents of the locality, and it was with the utmost difficulty that the officers could restrain the crowd from doing the prisoner bodily injury. The crowd were clamorous in their demands that he should be hung on the spot."

WHAT WRITINGS REQUIRE STAMPS.

The following information will prove valuable to business men generally, and should be kept for reference:

1. Instruments of writing dated before October first, 1866, do not require a stamp.

2. Those dated between August first, 1862, and August first, 1861, may be stamped either before or after use by the Court, Register, or Recorder.

3. Those dated August first, 1866, and more than twelve months old, may be stamped before the United States Collector, without payment of the penalty of fifty dollars.

4. Those dated after August first 1861, and more than twenty months old, can be stamped upon the payment of the penalty of fifty dollars.

And every assignment of a note, which assignment is made since October first, 1862, without regard to the date of the note, is to be stamped as an agreement, viz: five cents, no matter how large or small the note may be.

All persons having notes unstamped should have them stamped at once. A receipt for money or property of over twenty dollars, no matter what the amount, only requires a two-cent stamp.

MASONIC CELEBRATION.

An Immense Gathering of Masons and Spectators.

The Knights Templars Present a Gorgeous Appearance.

THE GRAND PROCESSION REVIEWED BY PRESIDENT JOHNSON.

BALTIMORE, Tuesday, November 20.

CONTRARY to expectations, the weather this morning is clear and favorable for the great Masonic procession, which is now forming. President Johnson arrived at nine o'clock, and was received at the depot by Governor Swann, and taken to his residence. The streets are thronged with people, and the turnout is immense. The procession is a very brilliant affair. The Brotherhood are all clad in full suits of black cloth, imparting a fine uniform appearance to the line. Numerous fine bands of music give the display much additional interest. The various Commanders and Grand Commanders of the Knights Templars, in their rich and elegant uniforms, impart a degree of gorgeousness which has rarely, if ever, been equalled by any similar display in this country. There are many magnificent banners and flags in the procession, richly emblazoned with the symbols of the Order, conspicuous among which are the red cross banners and flags of the Templars. It is estimated that from five to six thousand persons are in the line of the procession. The Columbia Commandery, from Washington, are accompanied by the celebrated Marine Band. The procession is now marching to the site selected for the erection of the new Temple, on Charles Street, adjoining St. Paul's Church, where there is an immense gathering of people. The stands erected for spectators are crowded with ladies. President Johnson and Governor Swann occupy seats on the main stand.

SECOND DISPATCH.

BALTIMORE, MD., November 20.

The President reviewed the procession from the steps of Governor Swann's residence, the entire procession uncovering as it passed before him. The President wore his Masonic regalia. As the procession passed around Washington's monument the Brothers all again uncovered in respect to the memory of their Brother George Washington, and the bands performed funeral marches. The head of the procession reached its destination about one o'clock, when the whole line was halted with open ranks, the Grand Lodge and the Commanderies of Knights Templars marching up through the ranks of the subordinate Lodges and occupying their proper positions within the inclosure.

The procession was formed with the junior lodges in advance. Among the lodges from other cities were subordinate lodges from Washington, Alexandria, Norfolk, Petersburg, Lynchburg, Winchester, Sheppardstown, and other points in Virginia; and among the Commanderies of Knights Templars there were those from Philadelphia, New York, New Jersey, Louisville, Ky., and Washington.

As soon as the procession had gathered around the site of the new temple, and the positions assigned to the various lodges had been taken up, the Grand Lodge of Maryland was opened with the ceremonies appointed for such occasions. Most Worthy Grand Master John Coates directed the exercises, which consisted of the usual impressive ritual, and the chanting of several hymns written for the occasion.

After the corner-stone had been finally adjusted, and formally declared to be "a foundation stone well formed, true and trusty," the Grand Master giving three knocks upon the stone saying: "Know all you who hear me, we proclaim ourselves free and lawful Masons, true to all the laws of the country, professing to fear God and to confer benefits on Mankind. We practice universal beneficence toward all. We have secrets concealed from the eyes of men which may not be revealed to any but Masons, and which no *cowan* has yet discovered. They are, however, lawful and honorable. Unless our craft was good and our calling honest these secrets would not have existed for so many generations, nor should we have had so many illustrious personages as brothers of our order, always ready to sanction our proceedings and contribute to our welfare. We are assembled in the broad face of open day, under the canopy of Heaven, to build a temple for Masonry. May God prosper our handiwork as it shall most please Him. May this temple become a palace wherein just and upright Masons may practise benevolence, promote harmony, and cultivate brotherly love, until they shall all assemble in the Grand Lodge above, where the world's Great Architect lives and reigns forever."

Then followed the singing of the psalm—"O praise ye the Lord." The ceremonial was then concluded by pouring corn, wine, and oil upon the stone, the Grand Master making a solemn invocation at each libation, and concluding as follows:

"May corn, wine, and oil, and all the necessaries of life abound among men throughout the world, and may the blessing of the Almighty God be upon this undertaking; and may the structure here to be erected be preserved to the latest ages, in order that it may promote the humane purpose for which it is designed."

The Grand Master then presents the implements to the architect, saying:

"To you, Brother Architect, are confided the implements of operative masonry, with the fullest confidence that by your skill and taste a fabric shall arise which shall add new lustre to our honored State. May it endure for many ages—a monument of the liberality of its founders."

Then, after the performance of appropriate music by the band, J. N. B. Latrobe delivered an oration.

NEWS ITEMS.

PHEASANTS are said to be abundant in the woods of Maine, and hunters are taking them down rapidly.

A LONDON omnibus driver discovered a packet of two thousand pounds in his vehicle. He returned it to the owner.

CINCINNATI is doing a big business shipping guns and ammunition South for the darkeys. So is Boston.

JOHN C. HAY has been appointed Internal Revenue Assessor for the Tenth Pennsylvania District.

THE Pittsburg *Post* says Jane Swisshelm and Parson Brownlow are "both as ugly as mortal sin, and just as bad as ugly." Fact, too.

W. T. WALKER, United States Internal Revenue agent for the Pacific coast, has been indicted for malfeasance in office.

AN extensive business is carried on in England hunting up portraits for Americans in order to make galleries of ancestors.

THE wife of Carpenter Daniel Jones, United States Navy, attached to the Portsmouth Navy Yard, was burned to death on Friday evening by the bursting of a kerosene lamp.

JANE SWISSHELM, who was formerly a Government clerk, wags an ugly tongue. She calls the President "the madman, who, by the wrath of God and folly of the Republican party, now holds the capital of this nation." Jane must be first cousin to Forney and Bergner.

THE Essex (Massachusetts) *Banner* says that so many shoe manufactures in Haverhill have shortened production that several hundred workmen have left town.

THE Memphis *Commercial* and the Memphis *Argus* have been united, under the name of the Memphis *Commercial and Argus*. Leon Trousdale is the leading editor.

AN extensive fire in Paris last month was instantly extinguished by the bursting of three bottles of sulphuric ether, the contents of which mixing with the atmospheric air, put an end to the combustion.

TAYLOR DEPOT, at Nashville, the largest Government depot of supplies in the United States, containing several times during the war fifty million dollars worth of commissary stores, is being torn down and removed.

A LAW exists in Germany to prevent drinking on the Sabbath during Divine service. It runs thus: "Any person drinking in an ale house during service on Sunday, or other holiday, may legally depart without paying."

FIVE officers of the Japanese navy are now stopping at the Metropolitan Hotel, New York, having come to this country for the purpose of studying the language, customs, and army and navy systems of the United States.

THE people of Northern Georgia are still unable to talk of anything but the gold deposits. The Atlanta *Intelligencer* says it saw a pan of dirt so rich that it is calculated it would yield five hundred dollars to the ton. The Kentucky Silver and Lead Company is also doing finely. The mine near Russel's cave produces lead and silver in considerable quantities. Some of the lead ore is available for the manufacture of white lead.

Auditor's Notice.—Estate of Christian Laubach, deceased. The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Columbia County to make distribution of the balance in the hands of Jonathan C. Pennington, administrator of the estate of Christian Laubach, late of Columbia County, deceased, will meet the parties interested, for the purpose of his appointment, on Friday, the 30th day of November instant, at 10 o'clock A.M., at his office in Bloomsburg, when and where all parties interested must appear and present their claims, or be debarred from coming in for a share of the fund.

C. G. BARKLEY, Auditor.

Bloomsburg, Nov. 1, 1866.-4t

Administrator's Notice.—Lettemrs of Administration on the estate of Abraham Robbins, late of Fishing Creek Township, in the County of Columbia, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Wills, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims against the said estate to present them to

DIANA ROBBINS,
JACKSON LABOUR,

Fishing Creek, October 24, 1866.-tf

Notice.—All persons knowing themselves indebted to either of the undersigned, on Book, Note, or Judgment, are requested to make payment without delay, if they would save costs.

M'KELVEY, NEAL & CO., and
WILLIAM M'KELVEY & CO.

To Hotel and Saloon keepers of Bloomsburg and Columbia County.—I have appointed Mr. B. Stohner agent for the sale of my ale, porter, brown stout, and lager beer, who will supply you at the same price (and with the same article), as I would furnish you from the brewery. Knoowing that he will be punctual and attentive to all who may favor him with their trade, I solicit for him your support. Very respectfully,

FRED LAUER,
Steam Brewery, Reading, Pa.

Notice of Inquest.—Estate of Levi Ashton, late of Pine Township, deceased.—To the heirs and legal representatives of Levi Ashton, late of Pine Township, Columbia County, deceased, to wit: to William J. Sprowl, Ann Ashton, Sarah Eves, who reside in Columbia County, Stephen Sprowl, of Watsontown, Northumberland County, Apeneth Hess, of New Columbus, Luzerne County, Louisa Spalding and Allen Eves, of Griffin's Mills, Erie County, State of New York, Parvin Eves, of Cuyahoga Falls, Summit County, State of Ohio, and Jesse Eves, of California, you and each of you are hereby notified that in pursuance of a writ of partition or valuation issued out of the Orphan's Court of Columbia County for the partition or valuation of the real estate of said deceased, situate in the Township of Pine, in said county, to wit: a certain messuage and tract of land situate in Pine Township, in said county, adjoining lands of Benjamin Eves on the north and east, lands of John Love on the south, and John Leggot on the west, containing ten acres, more or less, among the heirs and legal representatives of the said deceased, I will hold an inquest on the said premises, in Pine Township, on Tuesday, the 27th day of November next, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, when and where you are requested to attend if you think proper.

SAMUEL SNYDER, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Bloomsburg, Sep. 15, 1866.-11t

Auditor's Notice.—Estate of William KARNS deceased. The Auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Columbia County to make distribution of the balance in the hands of the Administrator of said deceased among his creditors, will meet the parties interested, for the purpose of his appointment, on Saturday, November 17, 1866, at 10 o'clock A.M., at his office in Bloomsburg, Pa., when and where all persons interested can attend if they see proper, and present their claims, or be debarred from coming in for a share of the fund.

C. B. BROCKWAY, Auditor.

Gazette copy.—sep22-4t

Estate of Abraham Mensch, deceased.—Letters of Administration upon the estate of Abraham Mensch, late of Locust Township, in the County of Columbia, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons having claims or demands against the estate of the said decedent are requested to make the same known without delay, and those indebted to said estate to make immediate payment to

AMZI CRAIG or
CHARLES MENSCH,
Roaring Creek P.O., Columbia County, Pa.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

BY reference to our advertising columns, it will be seen that a rare opportunity is offered to purchase real estate.

COLONEL DANIEL H. NEIMAN, editor of the Easton *Sentinel*, has been appointed Assessor of the Eleventh District.

WILLIAM L. MADDOCK AND CO., dealers in fine groceries, No. 115 South Third Street (opposite the Girard Bank) Philadelphia.

FIRST SNOW.—On Thursday morning the ground was covered with snow, being the first we have had this season. This Fall season has been remarkable for the mildness of the weather.

WRONG.—We observe the erroneous item, which states that a "Mrs. Lewis committed suicide by hanging near Danville," is going the rounds of the press. It is wrong. The sad affair occurred in Rayne Township, Juniata County.—*Montour American.*

THE Hazleton *Sentinel* says the Wapwallopen powder mill blew up on Thursday night, the first instant. The accident was caused by the workmen failing to keep the composition wet during the process of crushing. No one was hurt.—*Record.*

WE have been shown a new style of likeness by Mr. Headley which is quite unique. It is taken in the dial of a watch, and is very beautifully executed. Mr. Headley is a superior artist, and his manner of performing work gives general satisfaction.

A. J. GERRITSON, Esq., editor of the Montrose *Democrat*, has received the appointment of Revenue Assessor for the Twelfth District, in place of W. H. Jessup, removed. It is a good appointment, and we congratulate Mr. Gerritson on this streak of good luck.

NEXT Thursday has been set apart as a day of thanksgiving and praise by the President and many of the Governors of States. We suppose it will be generally observed, especially the portion the day that is set apart for feasting. After returning from church a table with a turkey on it is not bad to sit down to. Our turkey has not yet arrived, but there is yet time between now and the twenty-ninth.

INGENIOUS HORSE THIEF.—At Wyoming, a week or two ago, a gentleman from Waverly, New York, stopped to feed his horse. Something odd about the animal attracted attention from one of the keen Troy horsemen, and he discovered that the horse had been painted. The animal had been stolen some weeks before, and traced to Wilkesbarre, where the owners received information of his whereabouts (at Shickshinny) on paying fifty dollars. The horse had been painted so as to disguise him. Do any of our officers of the law know about the transaction?—*Record.*

MANY persons who use kerosene or oil lamps, are in the habit, when going to bed or leaving a room for a time, of turning the wick down low, in order to save a trifle in the consumption of oil. The consequence is that the air of the room soon becomes vitiated by the unconsumed oil vapors, by the gas produced by combustion, and also the minute particles of smoke and soot which are thrown off. Air thus poisoned is deadly in its effects, and the wonder is that more persons are not immediately seized with inflammation of the throat and lungs, headache, dizziness, and fatally injured by breathing it. Irritation and nausea are among its effects.

BLOW UP.—On Wednesday last about noon, the town was startled by a loud report, which was caused by the blowing up of a boiler at Mr. William Biddle's Foundry, fronting the canal. The boiler of the establishment was lifted from its bed to the height of the second story, and then fell nearly on the place from whence it started. The concussion threw down the boiler and the engine house, a building some forty feet square. The boiler burst out at the bottom through weakness of the iron. We examined the rupture and found the metal not over one-eighth of an inch in thickness. The only surprising thing is that it had not long since "burst up." Luckily the hands were mostly at dinner and escaped the danger. One of the workmen, A. Hoffner, who was standing near by at the time of the accident, received a slight concussion from a piece of falling timber. The building was a very old one. The loss we have not heard estimated.—*Danville Intelligencer.*

IMPORTANCE OF ADVERTISING.—The following from the Pittsburg *Gazette*, a sketch of a business house in that city, is a fair illustration of what all who have investigated the subject have found to be a plain and practical business truth: "In a brief interview with one of our most liberal patrons a few days since, we inquired his experience of the policy of advertising. We regard his answer as noteworthy, and commend it to the consideration of others. He said the same kind of business in which he is engaged had been carried on at the same stand for ten years by one, and nearly ten years another predecessor. That these men gave diligent attention to their business, and were sober and frugal, but spent nothing for advertising. They were just barely able to make out a living. That he bought out a concern ten years ago, and began debtor for the whole establishment. He felt poor, and only expended fifty dollars per annum in each of the business papers the first year; but subsequently he increased his expenses to several thousand dollars annually for advertising, and the result has demonstrated its marvellous utility, as he is to-day worth one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, and his annual profits are constantly increasing."

THE *Republican* in the last issue has two paragraphs, stating that the National Union Club of Washington has became bankrupt and its furniture sold by the Sheriff. The best answer to these misrepresentations is the following card from the bankers of the Club:

WASHINGTON, Monday, November 17, 1866.

To the Editor of the Chronicle:

The paragraph quoted in your paper this morning from the New York *Tribune*, to the effect that the Resident National Union Executive Committee was indebted to our bank in the sum of thirty thousand dollars is untrue in every respect. There is considerable balance to the credit of the Committee on the books of our institution.

It is evident that the *Tribune* has been imposed upon by some designing individual.

By giving this an insertion in the *Chronicle* you will confer a favor on yours truly,

RITTENHOUSE, FOWLER & CO.

IT is a well-known fact that a young gentleman ran away with a talented, beautiful, and accomplished young lady of this place. It appears, from admissions made by the young lady, that the young man dressed in such good taste that she could not resist him. But it seems that the young lady's father, who is of a quite practical turn of mind, saw the matter in a different light. The old gentleman has since purchased a suit of clothes at the establishment patronized by the young man, and became convinced, from actual experience, that no lady could with s and the attraction of such elegant clothes. Consequently he sent for the erring pair, bestowed upon them his pardon and blessing. It is perhaps superfluous to add that the clothing in question was purchased at the establishment of J. W. Chemberlin, in the Hartman Building.

OUR COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.—There is in this city an enterprise, which, though flourishing, is not as familiar in all its parts to the young men of this and other counties as it should be. We refer to the Commercial College of Gardner and Wheeler. It is a mistaken idea that some young men have, that they must attend one of the larger colleges located in some of our larger cities. Too many of our young friends are ruined by the lack of discipline in such institutions to encourage, by thought or word, attendance at Commercial Colleges in the Eastern Cities. Here in Scranton we are removed from the degrading influences which surround young men in places like New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Pittsburg, while at the same time we have a College surpassed by none. It is provided with all the advantages of other and older institutions, and the students will now be enabled to obtain a practical as well as a theoretical knowledge of what they are learning. We predict for our Home College the confidence and patronage it so well deserves.—*Scranton Register.*

INDIAN SUMMER.—We have been having for an unusually long period the glories of the true Indian Summer—that bright and beautiful time, and too generally brief as beautiful, concerning which there has always been so much dispute. Some are firm in their belief that it comes in November, nay, there are those who put off its advent till the latter part of that month. But there is no real room for doubt or question. It is when sky and landscape are flooded with this peculiar tempered warmth and light—when the horizon and the distant mountains wear that thin and delicate veil of purple haze, a half "smoky" robe of woven light and color—and the air breathes low from the south or southwest just freshly enough to stir the remaining leaves, and set them whispering among the chestnuts and oaks and birches on the mountain side—and a stillness, as of a pictured dream, reigns in the half leafless wood, where

"The rich moist smell of the rotting leaves"

is mingled with a hundred odors wild and sweet. Now is seen and felt the return of the departed Summer. She comes in the bland and golden interval that slides silently in between the dark and dismal "northeasters" of October, and her presence is made all the dearer to appreciative hearts by the very intensity of the contrast it affords, and the knowledge that it is all so brief. There is a warm mist in the vales and on the waters; and along the hillsides, where the scanty remaining robes of the maple, the dogwood, the elm, and the beech still glow with brilliant and varied colors, some rainbow has surely fallen.

MARRIED.

In Lewisburg, November 11, by Rev. P. B. Marr, Dr. F. C. HARRISON, of this place, to JANE CAMERON, daughter of William Cameron, Esq., of the former place.

On October 21, by Rev. William J. Eyer, IRA ROADARMEL to ELIZABETH GOODMAN, both of Centralia.

On November 18, at the Exchange Hotel in this place, by Rev. R. E. Wilson, ROLANDUS HERRINE to LUCY A. FETTERMAN, all of Locust Township.

DIED.

In Muncy, November 13, SUSANNAH, wife of David Ellenberger, aged 62 years, 2 months, and 13 days.

In Locust, November 15, REBECCA, wife of James Mears.

In Orangeville, on November 16, of consumption, Dr. DANIEL MONTGOMERY, aged about 55 years.

Market Report.

Wheat per bushel	$1 60
Rye	1 25
Corn	75
Flour per barrel	10 00
Cloverseed	5 00
Flaxseed	2 75
Butter	40
Eggs	25
Tallow	11
Potatoes	50
Dried Apples	3 00
Pork	18
Hams	25
Sides and Shoulders	18
Lard per pound	20
Hay per ton	25 00

MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.—The Fall term begins September 5. The Faculty of instruction consists of four resident and four non-resident professors, and a tutor. The object is to educate young men for the Christian Ministry. There is a preparatory class for those who have not received a collegiate education. One hundred and sixty dollars a year are granted to beneficiaries, with an additional sum in special cases. The tuition, use of Library and text-books, are free to all. The School was founded by the Unitarian and Christian denominations, but is open to all who believe in the divine origin of Christianity. The Library consists of 8,500 volumes.

Application may be made to Rev. A. A. Livermore, President of the Board of Instruction, Meadville, Pa. nov17-ly

Grand Jurors for December Term, 1866.

Bloom—John Penneman, Robert Roan, William Renfleman.
Beaver—Peter Shellhamer, George P. Driesbach.
Benton—Abraham A. Kline.
Conyngham—Isaac W. Hans.
Centre—Charles H. Deitterich.
Fishing Creek—William Hagenbuch, Joseph Coleman.
Greenwood—Andrew J. Albertson.
Hemlock—John M. Barton, Hugh A. Hartman, William Appleman, Levi Wright.
Jackson—John F. Derr.
Locust—Leonard Adams, George Raup, John Herner.
Madison, Stephen Welliver.
Main—Aaron Barninger, Joseph Geiger.
Sugarloaf—James Hess.

Traverse Jurors.

Bloom—Thomas Knorr, Abraham Fry, Lewis Maus, Isaac Hartman, William Rabb.
Beaver—Samuel Fisher, Jacob Keller.
Benton—Emanuel Laubach.
Borough of Berwick—Isaiah Bower, Levi Bredbender, John Doak.
Briar Creek—David Miller, John Fress.
Centre—Isaac Krewine, Allen Shellhamer.
Fishing Creek—Martin Ammerman.
Franklin—Daniel Knittle.
Greenwood—David Dreibleibis.
Locust—Cornelius Reinbold.
Madison—Keiffer A. Smith, John Demott, Conrad Kreamer.
Montour—William Hollingshead, John G. Quick, Levi Weaver.
Mt. Pleasant—Adam Welliver, Benjamin Kistler, Samuel Johnson.
Main—William Gittling.
Mifflin—Stephen Gearhart.
Orange—Michael Hagenbuch, Isaac Dildine.
Pine—John Lore.
Roaring Creek—Daniel Levan.
Scott—Thomas Trench, Elias D. Kline.

List of Causes for Trial.

1. Charles Nuss *vs.* Sarah Nuss.
2. Paxton Kline *vs.* Jane Kline.
3. William L. Lance *vs.* Thomas Creveling, *et. al.*
4. Amos W. Creamer *vs.* Christian Shuman.
5. Jacob Harris *vs.* Peter Jacoby.
6. Andrew J. Snyder *vs.* John Sheatler.
7. Jacob Shuman *vs.* Christian Wolf.
8. Jacob Shuman *vs.* Jacob Hartzel.
9. A. S. Saul *vs.* Benjamin Wintersteen.
10. Samuel Henry *vs.* Jacob Hosler, William Kinetch, and Gideon Hosler, late trading in the firm name of Hosler & Co.
11. Amos W. Creamer *vs.* Catharine Howell, administratrix of Enoch Howell deceased.
12. Amos W. Creamer *vs.* Catharine Howell, administratrix of Enoch Howell deceased.
13. Edward Heffner *vs.* the Locust Mountain Coal and Iron Company.
14. J. P. Hackenberg for the use of M. Chamberlin *vs.* John D. Fagar.
15. John Huntzinger *vs.* John Jameson.
16. Jacob Remley *vs.* Catawissa Railroad Company.
17. William A. Case *vs.* the Township of Centre.
18. Joseph Fry *vs.* Catharine Long.
19. Henry F. Nuss *vs.* the Borough of Berwick.
20. J. F. Anspach, *et. al.*, *vs.* William P. Ryon.
21. Eli Jones *vs.* Miles C. Abbott, *et. al.*
22. Greenwood Township *vs.* Samuel Bogart.
23. Henry Hosler and Wife *vs.* Charles Schussler and Wife.
24. Wright Hughes *vs.* Peter Miller.
25. David Larish *vs.* Mount Pleasant Township.
26. John O. Dildine, *et. al.*, *vs.* Parvin Masters.
27. Jonathan Knittle *vs.* Wright Hughes.
28. Mary E. Green *vs.* Robert S. Howell, *et. al.*
29. James Barry *vs.* Robert Gorrell.
30. John Laverns *vs.* Barney M'Brearty.
31. Solomon Neyhard *vs.* the Township of Centre.
32. Isaac M. Demott *vs.* Isaac Dewitt.
33. Solomon Shuman *vs.* William Longenberger.
34. John W. Lescher *vs.* Peter S. Rishel.
35. Henry T. Betty now for the use of Thomas Creveling, Jr., *vs.* Jesse C. Pennington.
36. L. B. Pursel's use *vs.* D. G. Ent's adm'rs.
37. Barbara Stump, by her next friend, Francis W. Lewis *vs.* John Jacob Stump.

JOUVIN'S KID GLOVE CLEANER.—Established 12 years. The only good article for instantly cleaning Kid Gloves. They can be cleaned while upon the hand, and worn immediately. It is inodorous. One bottle will clean 25 pairs. Price 25 cents. Retailed by most Druggists and Fancy Stores. Wholesale by Demas Barnes & Co., F. C. Wells & Co., and others, New York. nov21-6m

PHOTOGRAPHIC.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,
Manufacturers of Photographic Materials,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
501 BROADWAY, N. Y.

In addition to our main business of PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS we are Headquarters for the following, viz.:

STEREOSCOPES & STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS,

Of American and Foreign Cities and Landscapes, Groups, Statuary, etc.

STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS OF THE WAR,

From negatives made in the various campaigns, and forming a complete Photographic history of the great contest.

STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS ON GLASS,

Adapted for either the Magic Lantern or the Stereoscope. Our Catalogue will be sent to any address on receipt of stamp.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS.

We manufacture more largely than any other house, about 200 varieties from 50 cents to $50 each. Our ALBUMS have the reputation of being superior in beauty and durability to any others.

Card Photographs of Generals, Statesmen, Actors, etc., etc.

Our Catalogue embraces over FIVE THOUSAND different subjects, including reproductions of the most celebrated Engravings, Paintings, Statues, etc. Catalogues sent on receipt of stamp.

Photographers and others ordering goods C.O.D., will please remit 25 per cent. of the amount with their order.

☞ The prices and quality of our goods cannot fail to satisfy. nov17-ly

PUBLIC SALE OF
VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

In pursuance of an order of the Orphans' Court of Columbia County, Pennsylvania, on Saturday, the 24th day of November next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, John Ashleman, Administrator of William W. Roberts, late of Jackson Township, in said county, deceased, will expose to sale, by public vendue, on the premises, a certain piece, parcel, or tract of land, situate in Jackson Township, in the county aforesaid, containing thirty-seven acres more or less, adjoining lands of Samuel Roberts on the south and west, lands of Silas M'Henry on the north, lands of Franklin Nagle on the east, on which are erected a two-story frame dwelling-house, a small log barn, and other outbuildings. A good spring of water at the door of the dwelling. The above property is mostly cleared land. Late the estate of said deceased, situate in the Township of Jackson and county aforesaid. JESSE COLEMAN, Clerk.

BLOOMSBURG, October 13, 1866.

CONDITIONS OF SALE.

Ten per cent. of one fourth of the purchase money shall be paid at the striking down of the property; the one fourth less the ten per cent. at the confirmation absolute; and the remaining three fourths in one year thereafter, with interest from the confirmation *ni. si.* Purchaser to pay for deed and stamps.

oct20-3t JOHN ASHLEMAN, Adm'r.

SHERIFF'S SALES.—BY VIRTUE of sundry writs of *venditioni exponas*, to me directed, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas in the County of Columbia, will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House, in Bloomsburg, on Monday, 3d day of December next, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, the following real estate, to wit: All that certain piece or tract of land situate in Sugarloaf Township, Columbia County, containing seventy-six acres more or less, bounded on the south by lands of Joshua Hess; on the west by land of David Kocher; on the north by lands of Jeremiah Hess; and on the east by lands of James Roberts, whereon is erected an old log barn with the appurtenances,

Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of JANE SICKLE, Administratrix of James Sickle.

ALSO

A certain tract of land situate in Catawissa Township, Columbia County, containing twenty-four acres, more or less, bounded on the east by lands of Jacob Brumbeller, on the south by lands of Solomon Fagely, and on the north and west by lands of Gideon Arndt, whereon are erected a log house and a frame stable with the appurtenances.

Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of BENJAMIN J. FOLK.

ALSO

A lot of ground and water privilege, situate in Greenwood Township, Columbia County, containing eighty-eight rods, more or less, bounded on the north by lands of —— Moore, and on the west, south, and east by lands of Samuel Alison, all cleared land, with the appurtenances.

Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of WILSON AGER, with notice to *terre tenants.*

SAMUEL SNYDER, Sheriff.

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S RESTAURANT.

B. H. STOHNER

has fitted up a
FIRST-CLASS EATING SALOON,

where ladies and gentlemen can be supplied with the delicacies of the season. A suppl of

FRESH OYSTERS

always on hand.

FRESH BREAD, CAKES, AND PIES,

FRENCH AND DOMESTIC CONFECTIONS

in every style and variety,

NUTS, FRUITS,

and everything usually found in a

FIRST-CLASS CONFECTIONERY STORE.

C. D. ROBBINS & CO.,
IRON MERCHANTS,
Northeast corner of Second and Vine Streets,
Philadelphia.

GIRARD HOUSE,
Corner of Ninth and Chestnut Streets,
Philadelphia.
H. W. KANAGA,
Proprietor.

NEW STOCK OF CLOTHING.

Fresh arrival of
SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.
DAVID LOWENBERG
invites attention to his stock of
CHEAP AND FASHIONABLE CLOTHING,
at his store on
Main Street, two doors above the American House,
Bloomsburg, Pa.,

where he has just received from New York and Philadelphia a full assortment of

MEN AND BOYS' CLOTHING,

including the most fashionable, durable, and handsome

DRESS GOODS,

consisting of

BOX, SACK, FROCK, GUM, AND OIL-CLOTH COATS AND PANTS,

of all sorts, sizes, and colors. He has also replenished his already large stock of

FALL AND WINTER SHAWLS,
STRIPED, FIGURED, AND PLAIN VESTS,
SHIRTS, CRAVATS, STOCKS, COLLARS,
HANDKERCHIEFS, GLOVES,
SUSPENDERS, AND FANCY ARTICLES.

He has constantly on hand a large and well-selected assortment of

CLOTHS AND VESTINGS,

which he is prepared to make to order into any kind of clothing, on very short notice, and in the best manner. All his clothing is made to wear, and most of it is of home manufacture.

GOLD WATCHES AND JEWELRY,

of every description, fine and cheap. His case of jewelry is not surpassed in this place. Call and examine his general assortment of

CLOTHING, WATCHES, JEWELRY, &c.
DAVID LOWENBURG.

MILLER'S STORE.

FRESH ARRIVAL OF
SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

The subscriber has just returned from the cities with another large and select assortment of

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,

purchased in New York and Philadelphia at the lowest figure, and which he is determined to sell on as moderate terms as can be procured elsewhere in Bloomsburg. His stock comprises

LADIES' DRESS GOODS

of the choicest styles and latest fashions, together with a large assortment of Dry Goods and Groceries, consisting of the following articles:

Carpets,
Oil Cloths,
Cloths,
Cassimeres,
Shawls,
Flannels,
Silks,
White Goods,
Linens,
Hoop Skirts,
Muslins,
Hollowware
Cedarware
Hardware,
Queensware,
Boots and Shoes,
Hats and Caps,
Hoop Nets,
Umbrellas,
Looking-Glasses,
Tobacco,
Coffee,
Sugars,
Teas,
Rice,
Allspice,
Ginger,
Cinnamon,
Nutmegs,

AND NOTIONS GENERALLY.

In short, everything usually kept in country stores, to which he invites the attention of the public generally. The highest price will be paid for country produce in exchange for goods.

S. H. MILLER,
Arcade Buildings, Bloomsburg, Pa.

HENRY GIGER

has opened a first-class

BOOT, SHOE, HAT AND CAP STORE,

at his old stand on Main Street, Bloomsburg. His stock is composed of the very latest and best styles ever offered to the citizens of Columbia County. He can accommodate the public with the following kinds and prices:

Men's calf boots, fine	$5 00 to 9 00
" kip, double sole	3 75 to 5 75
Boys' child's boots	1 75 to 4 75
Men's glove kid, Congress, &c.	2 50 to 5 75
" " Balmoral shoes	1 90 to 3 60
Men's, women's, boys', and misses' glove kid lasting gaiters	1 75 to 5 75
Women's glove kids, very fine	3 25 to 5 75
" fine goat morocco balmorals	2 50 to 4 00
" men's morocco and calf shoes	1 75 to 2 50
" common shoes	1 50 to 2 50
Misses' and child's shoes	0 25 to 1 60
Men's, women's, misses', boys', and child's slippers	0 25 to 1 60

He also keeps a great variety of

HATS, CAPS, AND STRAW GOODS

of every kind, at the lowest prices, both for cash and country produce.

Remember the attraction is in our goods. Don't be alarmed at the cry of high prices, but call and see for yourselves. Respectfully,

HENRY GIGER.

BLOOMSBURG FANCY TRIMMING AND BOOKSTORE,

second door below Hartman's, Main Street.

Just received a new stock of

ZEPHYRS, WOOLEN AND COTTON YARNS,
CORSETS, LACES, EMBROIDERIES,
MUSLIN EDGINGS, DRESS TRIMMINGS

and every variety of articles usually kept in a

FANCY STORE.

Also

SCHOOL BOOKS, HYMN BOOKS, BIBLES,
SUNDAY-SCHOOL BOOKS,

and a large lot of

MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS,
ACCOUNT AND MEMORANDUM BOOKS,
BLANK DEEDS, BONDS AND MORTGAGES,

and a general and well-selected assortment of

PAPER, ENVELOPES, &c.
A. D. WEBB.

NATIONAL FOUNDRY,

Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pa.

The subscriber, proprietor of the above-named extensive establishment, is now prepared to receive orders for all kinds of

MACHINERY FOR COLLIERIES, BLAST FURNACES, STATIONARY ENGINES, MILLS, THRESHING MACHINES, &c.

He is also prepared to make Stoves of all sizes and patterns, Plow-irons, and everything usually made in first-class Foundries.

His extensive facilities and practical workmen warrant him in receiving the largest contracts on the most reasonable terms.

Grain of all kinds will be taken in exchange for Castings.

This establishment is located near the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg Railroad Depot.

PETER BILLMYER.

EMPIRE SHUTTLE SEWING-MACHINES are superior to all others for FAMILY AND MANUFACTURING PURPOSES. Contain all the latest improvements; are speedy, noiseless, durable; and easy to work. Illustrated Circulars free. Agents wanted. Liberal discount allowed. No consignments made. Address EMPIRE S. M. CO.

aug8-ly 616 Broadway, New York.

GRAND OPENING
GRAND OPENING
GRAND OPENING
GRAND OPENING
GRAND OPENING

OF

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,
FALL AND WINTER GOODS,
FALL AND WINTER GOODS,
FALL AND WINTER GOODS,
FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

consisting of
consisting of
consisting of
consisting of
consisting of

DRY GOODS,
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DRY GOODS,

HATS AND CAPS,
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GRAIN AND SEEDS,
GRAIN AND SEEDS,
GRAIN AND SEEDS,
GRAIN AND SEEDS,
GRAIN AND SEEDS,

&c., &c., &c.,

AT

McKELVY, NEAL & CO'S,
McKELVY, NEAL & CO'S,
McKELVY, NEAL & CO'S,
McKELVY, NEAL & CO'S,
McKELVY, NEAL & CO'S,

Northwest corner of Main and Market Streets,
Northwest corner of Main and Market Streets,
Northwest corner of Main and Market Streets,
Northwest corner of Main and Market Streets,
Northwest corner of Main and Market Streets,

BLOOMSBURG, PA.,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.,

IRON AND NAILS,
IRON AND NAILS,
IRON AND NAILS,
IRON AND NAILS,
IRON AND NAILS,

in large quantities and at reduced rates, alway on hand.

DRUG AND CHEMICAL STORE,
Bloomsburg, Pa.

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PAINTS, PERFUMERY AND TOILET ARTICLES.

EYER & MOYER

respectfully invite a continuance of patronage. Their Drugs and Medicines are all selected with the greatest care, avoiding as much as possible the introduction of delirious nostrums, and are purchased from the best importing houses in the country.

PATENT MEDICINES

of all kinds, including Ayer's, Jayne's, Holloway's, Hostetter's, Wishart's, Hoofland's, &c. constantly on hand.

COAL OIL AND ALCOHOL.
HAIR, TOOTH, NAIL, AND CLOTHES BRUSHES
PAINTS AND CHEMICALS

of every variety, and of the best quality.

FANCY TOILET ARTICLES.

The public may rely at all times on procuring the above articles, with all the new useful preparations kept in the best conducted establishments.

PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTIONS

and Family Receipts compounded with the greatest accuracy and dispatch.

THE ONLY PLACE

to get the best

TOBACCO AND CIGARS,
AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

is at HUNGSBERGER'S,

a few doors below the American House,
Bloomsburg, Pa.

He has the largest and most select of

SMOKING AND CHEWING TOBACCO

ever offered to the citizens of Bloomsburg. All the fancy brands of

SEGARS,

and the best Fine-cut and Plug

CHEWING TOBACCO,

can be had at his counters.

TOBACCO PIPES

in great variety are among his large stock.

DON'T FORGET TO CALL.

H. H. HUNSBERGER.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

A. M. RUPERT

announces to his friends and customers that continues the above business at his old place on MAIN STREET, BLOOMSBURG. Customers can be accomodated with

FANCY STOVES

of all kinds, Stovepipes, Tinware, and every variety of article found in a Stove and Tinware Establishment in the cities, and on the most reasonable terms. Repairing done at the shortest notice.

25 DOZEN MILK-PANS

on hand for sale.

EAGLE FOUNDRY.

JOSEPH SHARPLESS,
Bloomsburg, Pa.

STOVES OF EVERY VARIETY,
PLOUGHSHARES, PLOUGHPOINTS,

and all kinds of Castings, on hand or supplied on the shortest notice and at the cheapest rates. Castings for

COAL BREAKERS AND COAL SCHUTES

made to order.

FRESH ARRIVAL OF NEW GOODS.—The undersigned has just arrived from the City with a large assortment of Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, and Dye Stuffs, Ready-Made Clothing, Perfumery, Toy and Fancy Articles, Druggist's Glassware, Brushes, Trusses and Supporters, and a general assortment of everything that belongs to a well-appointed Drug Store. Also Patent Medicines of all kinds, such as Jayne's, Ayer's, Wishart's, Winslow's Soothing Syrup, Brown's Troches, Swain's Panacea, Baker's Cod Liver Oil, Hoofland's Bitters constantly on hand. Also

MOROCCO LEATHER, KID, FRENCH MOROCCO, FRENCH CALFSKINS, PINK TRIMMINGS, BINDINGS,

by the dozen or half-dozen. Also

SHOE-FINDINGS, FISHING-TACKLE, &c.

Having had a large experience in the drug business, I would respectfully invite those wishing anything in that line to call and see my stock before purchasing elsewhere. "In medicines quality is of the first importance."

JOHN R. MOYER.

FORK'S HOTEL,

GEORGE W. MAUGER, Proprietor.

The above well-known hotel has recently undergone radical changes in its internal arrangements, and its proprietor announces to his former custom and the travelling public that his accomodations for the comfort of his guests are second to none in the country. His table will always be found supplied, not only with substantial food, but with all the delicacies of the season. His wines and liquors (except that popular beverage known as "*McHenry*"), purchased direct from the importing houses, are entirely pure, and free from all poisonous drugs. He is thankful for a liberal patronage in the past, and will continue to deserve it in the future. GEORGE W. MAUGER.

GOOD NEWS FOR EVERYBODY.

Owing to the late fall in gold,

EPHRAIM W. ELWELL

has reduced his prices to suit all buyers, either at wholesale or retail. If you want

SUGARS, COFFEES, TEAS, SYRUPS, SPICES, CRACKERS, CANNED FRUIT, DRIED FRUIT, WOODENWARE, FISH, BEANS, CHEESE, FLOUR, FEED, &c., &c. &c.,

give me a call. EPHRAM W. ELWELL.

J. B. PURSEL,
HARNESS, SADDLE, AND TRUNK MANUFACTURER,

and dealer in

CARPET-BAGS, VALISES, FLY-NETS, &c.,
Main Street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

POWDER KEGS AND LUMBER.

W. M. MONROE & CO.,
Rupert, Pa.,

Manufacturers of

POWDER KEGS,

and dealers in all kinds of

LUMBER,

give notice that they are prepared to accomodat their custom with dispatch, and on the cheapes terms.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA.

The undersigned having purchased this well-known and centrally-located house, the Exchange Hotel, situate on MAIN STREET, in Bloomsburg, immediately opposite the Columbia County Court House, respectfully informs his friends and the public in general that his house is now in order for the reception and entertainment of travellers who may be disposed to favor it with their custom. He has spared no expense in preparing the Exchange for the entertainment of his guests, neither shall there be anything wanting on his part to minister to their personal comfort. His house is spacious, and enjoys an excellent business location.

Omnibusses run at all times between the Exchange Hotel and the various Railroad depots, by which travellers will be pleasantly conveyed to and from the respective stations in due time to meet the cars. JOHN F. CALLOW.

Bloomsburg, March 27, 1866.

OUR STARCH GLOSS

is the only article used by

FIRST-CLASS HOTELS, LAUNDRIES, AND THOUSANDS OF FAMILIES.

It gives a beautiful polish, making the iron pass smoothly over the cloth, saving much time and labor. Goods done up with it keep clean much longer, consequently will not wear out so soon.

IT MAKES OLD LINEN LOOK LIKE NEW.

OUR IMPERIAL BLUE
IS THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

It is soluble in hard as well as soft water. It is put up in the safest, neatest, and most convenient form of any offered to the public.

IT IS WARRANTED NOT TO STREAK THE CLOTHES.

Agents wanted everywhere, to whom we offer extraordinary inducements. Address

NEW YORK STARCH GLOSS CO.,
sep22-6m—asc 218 Fulton Street, New York.

NEW CLOTHING AND GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING STORE.

The undersigned respectfully announces to his many friends that he has opened a new Clothing and Gentlemen's Furnishing Store, in the lowe room of the Hartman Building, southwest corne of Main and Market Streets, Bloomsburg, Pa.

Having just returned from Philadelphia with a Large Stock of

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING

and

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS, &c., &c.

he flatters himself that he can please all. His stock comprises

MEN'S, BOYS', AND YOUTHS' CLOTHING,

such as

DRESS COATS,
SACK COATS,
OVERCOATS,
PANTS,
VESTS,
SHIRTS,
UNDERSHIRTS,
DRAWERS,
COLLARS
NECK-TIES,
HOSIERY,
SUSPENDERS,
HANDKERCHIEFS,
UMBRELLAS, &c.

and in fact everything in the Clothing or Furnishing line at very low prices.

In addition to the above he has an elegant assortment of

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, AND VESTIN
CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

Call and see before purchasing elsewhere, and

SECURE GREAT BARGAINS.

oct5-ly J. W. CHEMBERLAIN

NORTHERN CENTRAL RAILWAY.
DIRECT ROUTE NORTH AND SOUTH.
Through between Baltimore and Rochester
WITHOUT CHANGE OF CARS.

On and after August 6, 1866, trains will leave as follows:

NORTHWARD.

BUFFALO EXPRESS leaves Baltimore 10:10 daily; Philadelphia 9 P.M.; Harrisburg 2:05 A.M., delivering passengers at Northumberland 4:58 A.M., for train on Lackawanna and Bloomsburg Railroad, leaving at 7 A.M., arriving in Danville 7:40 A.M., Bloomsburg 8:25 A.M., Kingston 10:40 A.M., Scranton 12 noon.

MAIL leaves Baltimore 9:25 A.M., daily (except Sundays); Philadelphia 10:10 A.M.; Harrisburg 2:55 P.M., delivering passengers at Northumberland 4:54 P.M., for train on Lackawanna and Bloomsburg Railroad, leaving there at 6:20 P.M., arriving in Danville 6 P.M., Bloomsburg 6:45 P.M., Kingston 9 P.M., Scranton 10:15; proceeding north and arriving in Williamsport at 6:35 P.M.

FAST LINE leaves Baltimore daily (except Sundays), 12:10 P.M.; Philadelphia 12 M.; Harrisburg 4:10 P.M.; Northumberland 6:43 P.M.; remain over night, and leave the following morning at 7, arriving in Scranton 12 M.

SOUTHWARD.

EXPRESS TRAIN leaves Northumberland 11:30 P.M., daily (except Sundays), receiving passengers leaving Scranton 4:10 P.M.; Pittston 5:20 P.M.; Kingston 6 P.M.; Bloomsburg 8:07 P.M.; arriving in Philadelphia 7 A.M.; Harrisburg 2:30 A.M.; Baltimore 7 A.M.

MAIL TRAIN leaves Northumberland 10:25 A.M., daily (except Sundays), receiving passengers leaving Scranton 5:30 A.M.; Pittston 6:20 A.M.; Kingston 6:55 A.M.; Bloomsburg 8:7 A.M.; Danville 9:51 A.M.; and arriving in Harrisburg 1:45 P.M.; Philadelphia 5:50 P.M.; Baltimore 6 P.M.

By this route freight from Buffalo, Suspension Bridge, Rochester, and Canandagua, or any intermediate point on the New York Central can be shipped through, when in full car loads, to any point on the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg Railroad, without breaking bulks. Rates of freight and passengers fare as low as by any other route.

J. N. DUBARRY, Gen'l Sup't, Harrisburg, Pa.
E. S. YOUNG, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Baltimore.
ISAAC M. SCHOEMERHORN, Gen'l Western Freight Agent, Buffalo.

CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY,
Bloomsburg, Pa.

M. C. SLOAN & BROTHER,

the successors of

WILLIAM SLOAN & SON,

continue the business of making

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES,

and every style of

FANCY WAGONS,

which they have constantly on hand to suit customers. Never using any material but the best and employing the most experienced workmen, they hope to continue as heretofore to give entire satisfaction to every customer. An inspection of their work, and of the reasonable price asked for the same, is sure to insure a sale.

JOHN E. FOX & CO.,
STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKERS,
No. 11 South Third Street,
Philadelphia.

SPECIE AND BANK-NOTES,
ALL KINDS OF STOCKS AND BONDS

bought and sold on commission. Attention given to collections on all accessible points.

SUSQUEHANNA HOTEL,
Catawissa, Pa.

The above Hotel has lately been purchased by HENRY J. CLARK, and has been thoroughly remodelled, repaired, and refurnished. It will be found now, in its arrangement and appointments, a first-class Hotel, and second to none in the country. Persons in cities wishing to spend the hot months in the country, will do well to give the proprietor a call.

OMNIBUS LINE.

The undersigned would respectfully announce to the citizens of Bloomsburg and the public generally that he is running an

OMNIBUS LINE

between this place and the different railroad depots daily (Sundays excepted), to connect with the several trains going South and West on the Catawissa and Williamsport Railroad, and with those going North and South on the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg Railroad.

His Omnibusses are in good condition, commodious and comfortable, and charges reasonable.

Persons wishing to meet or see their friends depart, can be accomodated upon reasonable charge by leaving timely notice at any of the hotels.

JACOB L. GIRTON, Proprietor.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—Please take notice that I, Ira Roadarmel, of Centreville, Columbia County, having bought the following list of property from Peter Hower, do declare that it is my intention to lend the same to the said Hower, to wit: four beds; one dozen chairs; one lot of dishes; one cupboard; one bureau; twenty yards of carpet; one cooking stove; one parlor stove; one two-horse wagon; one two-horse carriage; one double set of harness; one single set of harness; two tables two pigs. IRA ROADARMEL.

FUNGERICH & SMITH,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
No. 43 North Third Street,
Philadelphia.

LEAF BY LEAF THE ROSES FALL.

Leaf by leaf the roses fall,
Drop by drop the springs run dry;
One by one, beyond recall,
Summer beauties fade and die;
But the roses bloom again,
And the springs will gush anew,
In the pleasant April rain,
And the Summer's sun and dew.

So in hours of deepest gloom,
When the springs of gladness fail,
And the roses in the bloom
Droop like maidens wan and pale,
We shall find some hope that lies
Like a silent gem apart,
Hidden far from careless eyes,
In the garden of the heart.

Some sweet hope to gladness wed,
That will spring afresh and new,
When Grief's Winter shall have fled,
Giving place to rain and dew—
Some sweet hope that breathes of Spring,
Through the weary, weary time,
Budding for its blossoming,
In the spirit's glorious clime.

AGRICULTURAL.

Keeping Apples in Winter.

AT the last State Fair in Utica, New York, Delos Randall had on exhibition Russet apples grown a year ago. These apples were plump, fresh, and of good flavor, quite as good as the same kind of apples are ordinarily on the approach of Spring. We inquired as to the manner of keeping, and were informed that the apples were put in refusal boxes obtained at the groceries, and in the following manner: A layer of dry saw-dust was sprinkled at the bottom of the box, and then a layer of apples placed in it so that they did not touch each other. Upon these was placed a little layer of saw-dust, and so on until the box was filled. The boxes after being packed in this way were placed on the wall in the cellar, up from the ground, where they kept, perfectly retaining their freshness and flavor, until brought out and exhibited at the Fair. He says that he has kept apples in this way some months later. From experiments made with dry sand, placing the apples in the same way, he finds that saw-dust is much superior to the sand, the latter, he thinks, being too heavy a material, and pressing the apples too much, causing them to decay more rapidly than with the saw-dust. The above experiment, perhaps, may be suggestive to those desiring to preserve apples late in the season of next year. It will be needless to remark, perhaps, that no apple will keep late, by any process of packing, that has been bruised or injured in picking. Apples should be handled carefully, and the less moving about, after having been packed, the better. A large part of the fruit grown and sold in market has been so injured by careless gathering, pouring into barrels and rough handling while being driven to market, that it soon decays, under whatever treatment it may be subjected for the purpose of keeping. —*Utica Herald.*

Can Good Butter be Made on Limestone Soils?

MOST farmers that make much butter for market, pack in fifty and one hundred pound firkins and tubs, and keep for the Fall market. The general opinion appears to be that better prices can be obtained in this way than by sending it to New York, in the Summer, when there is a good deal coming in, for it is found that such Summer made butter often sells in New York in the Fall for the highest quotations, and there have been instances where such butter has been sold for higher prices than any packed butter is quoted in the papers; while, whether selling here to dealers, or sending to commission houses in the city, we never hear anything about inquiries in regard to soft or "hard water regions," or "limestone soils." But the only question appears to be—is the butter good? and a good article always sells for a good price, while those that have the reputation of making choice butter, of course get the best, often extra prices.

But Summer butter not only keeps well until Fall, but some years when the price is low it is kept until Winter or Spring. One year a neighbor kept his until March, when the buyer, an experienced dealer in Albion, said it was a "first rate article—the very best." The same farmer has sold his Summer butter this Fall to gentlemen in Albany, who have used his butter before, and have bought it for their Winter supply. They paid him forty cents a pound for it here.

This farmer formerly resided in a soft water region, in the eastern part of the State, and he says he can make equally as good butter here as there, and with as little trouble. And this, as far as I have been able to learn, is the experience of other farmers that formerly resided in soft water sections.

It is still frequently the case that gentlemen residing in Albany or New York, who were acquainted with, or had learned who were our best butter makers, send here and pay extra prices for their Winter supplies. It is also common for rich men in the villages to thus obtain their Winter store of butter, and not many years ago I was told by a gentlemen that the Fall before he had bought more than was used during the Winter and Spring, so that it was the fore part of June when he first opened the last crock, which was found as sweet and good as when purchased in the previous Fall, and that they were then using this butter.

It is also a very common thing for farmers to lay down their Winter butter in the Fall, and have it keep sweet and good until used up in the Spring—often some time after the commencement of warm weather.

But I have written enough to prove that a good deal of good butter can be, and is made in this section; and that there is little use, for those that reside in the dairy regions par excellence, to try to prove that no good butter, that will keep well, can be made in other or hard water sections.

The above facts also furnish much encouragement for farmers on limestone soils, who, finding it necessary to keep more stock, may wish to keep a small dairy to make butter for market. But as this subject is an important one, and doubtless of much interest to farmers in hard water grain sections, it may be referred to again.—*Country Gentleman.*

Carrot Sauce.

SCRAPE and thoroughly clean the carrots, slice in very thin round pieces, boil tender, and then cook dry. For each quart of slices pour over a cup of sweet cream, season with salt and pepper, and let them boil for a moment. Serve hot. Thus prepared they will be relished highly, even by those who do not like carrots any other way.

FOR YOUTHFUL READERS.

Thanksgiving.

"O I DECLARE," cried little Sam Perkins, as he opened his eyes and threw his arms above the pillow, "this *is* Thanksgiving morning, and no mistake! I'm sure it has been a great while coming, but it's here at last, and *won't* we have fine times! Just think of Josey and George and Milly—besides Uncle Ben, and he's just as good to play with as a boy—all coming to eat Thanksgiving dinner!" And Sam sat up in bed, and was going to give a hurrah; but Jack Frost snapped so savagely at his shoulders that he was glad to lie down and cover himself up again.

"Sam!" said a very mild, soft voice at his door, "it is time to get up, my son! And here are your best clothes all warmed nicely for you,"—and his mother gently opened the door and came in. A sweet-looking lady she was, and the very best mother in the world. At least, so thought Sam; for conscience gave him an uncomfortable twinge when he remembered going to bed "in the sulks" the evening previous, because she did not think it prudent for him to go skating. Sam felt very sorry for this, as he put on the warm clothes, and in the warmth of his honest, blundering little heart he heartily resolved "never to be cross to mother again."

The cousins came in due time, and before dinner delightful "Uncle Ben" made his appearance. Now this gentleman was rather old, with crow's-feet at the corners of his eyes, and very suspicious wrinkles on his high forehead; but his voice was just as cheery as if he had never known what care was, instead of having been an itinerant preacher ever since his youth, and oh! his smile,—everybody affirmed there was nothing like it. It did not content itself with twisting the corners of his mouth, but had to run up his cheeks, and play riot with his eyes, and finally hide itself in the crow's-feet I told you about. A merry man was Uncle Ben, and one who understood children.

After dinner, when the company was all collected in the great family parlor, and the aunts were talking with Sam's mother about their preserves and pickles, and the uncles telling his father about their crops, the children captured Uncle Ben, and forcibly conducted him into a corner, where he found a big red arm-chair ready for him, with a host of little stools round it, and a whole troop of little tongues clamorous for a story.

"Well! well!" cried Uncle Ben, when all were seated, and as many squeezed into his chair as could possibly stay in it, "what shall the story be? What shall I tell you about? Come, tell me, for I want to begin!"

Each had something different to propose, and the noisy little group (Josey and George and Milly were not more than half of them) were getting pretty warm over it, when Uncle Ben said quietly, "As you don't seem to decide, I guess I will tell you about Thanksgiving."

"About Thanksgiving!" cried Sam. "Why, uncle, *that* wouldn't be any story at all! We know all about Thanksgiving now. I'm sorry they all made such a noise,"—and Sam, who prided himself on his faculty of good behavior—in company, put his little cousin Susie down with a strong hand, as she was piping out something about "a 'tory about kittens."

"Still," resumed Uncle Ben, "I guess you could learn something more about Thanksgiving than you know now. I shall tell you how Thanksgiving first came about. You know, Sam, that you learned about the *Mayflower*, and the landing of the Pilgrims, in your history last Summer, and what privations they were obliged to endure. I suppose you thought that meant that they couldn't go to church, or dress as well as they did before, or have as many books to read, or something of that sort. But the truth was, they couldn't get bread to eat. Their corn did not grow as they expected, and for months they were obliged to live on acorns and other nuts, or on fish, or a little wild meat."

"Why, uncle," interrupted Sam, "didn't they ever have any pie or cake?"

"Not even a slice of bread, my child, until the corn had ripened," said Uncle Ben, "and Indian bread was the best they could have, even then. But after they had been settled in Plymouth about three years, there came a season when there was no rain. The corn dried up, and so did the beans, and they could not get enough to eat even of nuts or fish. And the men became so very weak from not having enough to eat, that they could not hoe and dig in the fields as hard as they should. So what little struggled through the drought was not properly attended to.

"They could not hire any help, for there were none but Indians around them; and they did not know what they should do. But they appointed a day of fasting, to pray to God for rain and provisions; and while the people were in the church praying, children, the wind came up, and a shower began to fall. The rain kept on for days, until all the corn looked green again. Besides, they heard about that time that some good people in England had sent off a ship with provisions for them, and that she would shortly be in port. So you see how good God was to them, children! They trusted in Him, and tried to be as good as they could; and so He was merciful, and gave them rain."

"But what would they have done if God hadn't made it rain?" asked Cousin George.

"We cannot tell," replied Uncle Ben; "but they thought they should have starved. And they were so thankful for His help, that they appointed a Thanksgiving day because of His goodness. That was the first Thanksgiving day, my children! Away off in the wilderness near Boston, two hundred years ago! They had a Thanksgiving dinner, too; for provisions came in, so that all had a dinner of bread."

"Was that all?" cried Sam, who had not forgotten the stuffed turkey he had feasted on an hour before.

"That was all," said his uncle; "and probably it was a great luxury to them to have at least one full meal."

"But what made them come over at all?" asked George, who had not got into history yet.

"Because," said Sam, with much importance, "a bad king would not let them be Christians, and they came over to America to get to a place where they could think as they wanted to."

"That is very well said, Sammie," said his mother, who, unobserved, had joined the group. "And don't you remember what I read to you from Mrs. Hemans's works, about remembering the Pilgrims?" And she repeated softly,

"Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found,—
Freedom to worship God!"

"Ah, yes!" murmured Uncle Ben; and his pleasant blue eyes suddenly filled with tears. "Let us reverence their memory! But for those brave men and women, we should have had no quiet homes, no peaceful villages, no blessed New England! Let us never forget what we owe to the Pilgrims! And now,"—exclaimed he, turning to the serious little faces beside him,—"now Susie shall have her story about the kittens."—*Mary F. Miller, in Young Folks.*

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THIS WAY FOR BARGAINS.

Goods to compare with stringency of the money market. Look and compare prices before purchasing elsewhere. Just call at the favorite business stand of

McNINCH & SHUMAN,

and you will be met by the obliging proprietors or their clerks, and shown through their great variety store free of charge, of course. They will give you a fair chance to spend your loose change, they trust much more profitably than it can be spent elsewhere. Their

STOCK OF DRY GOODS

this Spring is much larger in all its varieties than usual. Their

LADIES' DRESS GOODS

are of the nicest styles in market. They have a fine assortment of

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SUMMER CLOTHS, CASSINETS,
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and numerous articles common to such establishments, besides a general assortment of

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all at greatly reduced prices. They wish to conduct their business on the system of

"PAY AS YOU GO,"

and they think they can afford to sell very cheap. They return their thanks for many past favors, and ask the future patronage of their former customers and the public generally.

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CATAWISSA RAILROAD.
From and after October 2, 1865, the trains will pass Rupert as follows:
GOING NORTH.—Elmira Mail at 4 P.M.; Erie Express at 2:48 A.M.
GOING SOUTH.—Philadelphia Mail at 11 A.M.; New York Express at 4 P.M.
GEORGE WEBB, Sept.

THE FLORENCE
SEWING-MACHINES
ARE THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
Salesrooms, 630 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

While a large number of Machines have been offered to the public, some of which possess points of excellence and acknowledged merit, we have long felt what others have experienced, the necessity of a Machine more perfect in its mechanical structure, combining in the

HIGHEST DEGREE
SIMPLICITY WITH DURABILITY,

and while capable of doing a

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one that could be easily understood and comprehended by all.

To supply a Sewing-Machine free from the objections attached to others has been no easy task; for we not only had to surpass other Machines, as they appeared years ago, but also as improved from time to time by more recent experience.

This we boldly claim has been accomplished by the liberal expenditure of capital, and the patient, untiring labor of years; and in presenting our Machine to the public, we shall make strong assertions respecting its merits, which we are prepared to substantiate in every particular.

Discarding the Chain and Loop, or Knit stitches, we adopted the

LOCK STITCH

(alike on both sides of the fabric), which is regarded by the masses as best suited to all kinds of work. But to meet objections sometimes urged against this favorite stitch, we have added the Knot, Double Lock, and Double Knot, either of which is

STRONGER AND MORE ELASTIC

than the Lock; thus enabling the operator to select a stitch

PERFECTLY SUITED

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THE FLORENCE

makes

FOUR DIFFERENT STITCHES

with as much ease as ordinary Machines make one, and with as little machinery.

The result of repeated tests has been all we could desire, and from its first introduction the Florence has gained hosts of friends, and been regarded as a

HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY;

proving that the public fully appreciate the many advantages combined in the Florence Machine. Over all others, the Florence must be seen to be fully appreciated.

We claim for the

FLORENCE

the following

ADVANTAGES

over any and all

SEWING-MACHINES IN THE WORLD:

☞ It makes four different stitches, the lock, knot, double-lock, and double-knot, on one and the same machine. Each stitch being alike on both sides of the fabric.

☞ Every Machine has the reversible feed motion, which enables the operator, by simply turning a thumb-screw, to have the work run either to the right or left, to stay any part of the seam, or fasten the ends of seams, without turning the fabric.

☞ Changing the length of stitch, and from one kind of stitch to another, can readily be done while the Machine is in motion.

☞ The needle is easily adjusted, and does not skip stitches.

☞ It is almost noiseless, and can be used where quiet is necessary.

☞ Its motions are all positive; there are no springs to get out of order, and its simplicity enables any one to operate it.

☞ It does not require finer thread on the under than for the upper side, and will sew across the heaviest seam, or from one to more thicknesses of cloth, without change of needle, tension, breaking thread, or skipping stitches.

☞ The Hemmer is easily adjusted, and will turn any width of hem desired.

☞ No other Machine will do so great a range of work as the Florence.

☞ It will hem, fell, bind, gather, braid, quilt, and gather and sew on a ruffle at the same time. It has no springs to get out of order, and will last a lifetime.

☞ It is fully protected and licensed by Elias Howe, Jr., and our own Letters Patent.

The taking up of the slack-thread is not performed by the irregular contraction of a wire coil or uncertain operation of springs. The precision and accuracy with which the Florence draws the thread into the cloth is unapproached by any Sewing-Machine hitherto offered in the world.

We furnish each Machine with "Barnum's Self-Sewer," which guides the work itself, and is of incalculable value, especially to inexperience operators.

While possessing the above, and many other advantages, the Florence is sold at corresponding prices with other first-class Machines, and a careful examination will fully substantiate all that we have claimed for it, and justify the assertion we now make, that it is the best Sewing-Machine in the world.

We warrant every Machine to be all that we claim for it, and to give entire satisfaction, and will give a written warranty, if required.

Liberal arrangements made with those who buy to sell again. Further information may be had by inclosing stamps to the General Office of the Florence Sewing-Machine Company, 630 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

PRICES OF MACHINES.

No. 1, Plain.—This Machine makes the lock and knot stitches, and has the reversible feed	$63
No. 2, Florence.—Gold-ornamented Machine, with drawer, and light cover, without lock; makes all the four stitches, and has the reversible feed	$75
No. 3.—Silver-plated Machine, ornamented; table oil-finished walnut, with heavy half-case, lock and drawer; makes all the four stitches, and has the reversible feed	$81
No. 4.—Silver-plated Machine, highly ornamented, and makes all the four stitches, and has the reversible feed.	
Polished mahogany table	$86
Polished Rosewood Table	92
No. 5.—Walnut table, in oil	92
Mahogany table, in oil	96
Rosewood table, in oil	105
No. 6.—Walnut, oil finished	114
Mahogany table	125
Rosewood table	150

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GREAT PENNSYLVANIA ROUTE
to the
NORTH AND WEST.
FOUR DAILY TRANINS.

ON AND AFTER MARCH 12, 1866, trains will leave as follows:

	Leave Wash'n.	Leave Balto.
Express Mail	6:20 A.M.	9:00 A.M.
Fast Line	7:30 A.M.	12:10 P.M.
Pittsburg and Erie Ex	4:30 P.M.	7:20 P.M.
Pittsburg and Elmira Ex	7:40 P.M.	9:45 P.M.

TWO TRAINS ON SUNDAY,
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Leave Washington at 2:45 and 7:40 P.M.
SLEEPING CARS ON ALL NIGHT TRAINS.
LOW FARE AND QUICK TIME.
Cars run through from Baltimore to Pittsburg, Erie, or Elmira without change.
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PHILADELPHIA AND ERIE RAILROAD.—This great line traverses the northern and northwest counties of Pennsylvania to the city of Erie, on Lake Erie. It has been leased and is operated by the
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Time of Passenger Trains at Northumberland:
LEAVE EASTWARD.—Erie Mail Train, 11:25 P.M.; Erie Express Train, 3:25 A.M.; Elmira Mail Train, 10:25 A.M.
LEAVE WESTWARD.—Erie Mail Train, 5 A.M.; Erie Express Train, 7:11 P.M.; Elmira Mail Train, 4:35 P.M.
Passenger cars run through on the Erie Mail and Express Trains without change both ways between Philadelphia and Erie.
NEW YORK CONNECTION.—Leave New York at 9 A.M., arrive at Erie at 9:15 A.M.; Leave Erie at 1:55 P.M., arrive at New York at 3:40 P.M.
Elegant sleeping cars on all night trains.
For information respecting passenger business apply at the corner of Thirtieth and Market Streets, Philadelphia; and for freight business of the Company's agents.
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H. H. HOUSTON,
General Freight Agent, Philadelphia.
H. W. GWINNER,
General Ticket Agent, Philadelphia.
A. L. TYLER,
General Superintendent, Williamsport.
March 22, 1866.

LACKAWANNA AND BLOOMSBURG RAILROAD.
On and after March 11, 1866, Passenger Trains will run as follows:
SOUTHWARD.—Leave Scranton at 4:40 P.M. and 5:50 A.M.; Kingston at 6 P.M. and 6:55 A.M.; Bloomsburg at 8:20 P.M. and 9:20 A.M. Arrive at Northumberland at 9:50 P.M. and 10:35 A.M.
NORTHWARD.—Leave Northumberland at 7 A.M. and 5 P.M.; Bloomsburg at 8:25 A.M. and 6:25 P.M.; Scranton at 11:05 A.M. and 9 P.M. Arrive at Scranton at 12:40 A.M. and 10:15 P.M.
H. A. FONDA, Supt.
Kingston, March 15, 1866.

THE AMERICAN HAY KNIFE AND FORK.—We the undersigned citizens of Columbia County witnessed the trial of hay forks on the farm of Mr. Pursel, in Hemlock Township, on Monday, May 7, 1866, between the American Hay Knife and Fork manufactured by SLIFER, WALLS, SHRINER & Co., of Lewisburg, Pa., and the Rundel's Patent Hay Hook. The American Fork lifted more hay in one draught than the Rundel in three. We are satisfied it will take as much hay into the mow as two good horses can draw. We also saw it cutting hay, and think it cannot be beat as a hay knife, and cheerfully recommend it as the best hay fork and knife we have ever seen.
C. BITTENBENDER, DR. F. C. HARRISON,
W. B. KOONS, JOHN DOAK,
JOHN DETERICK, DANIEL NOYER,
H. DIGLEMILLER, SYLVESTER PURSEL,
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They also manufacture the celebrated Buckeye Reaper and Mower, and other agricultural implements.

G. W. BLABON & CO.,
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PATENT ANTI-DUST COOKING STOVE.
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THE GALAXY,
A FORTNIGHTLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

THE GALAXY is published fortnightly, on the first and fifteenth of each month, and has the advantage of coming to the reader intermediately between the monthlies and the weeklies.

With the second number the Magazine was enlarged by sixteen pages, making it to contain ninety-six pages of matter.

ITS CONTRIBUTORS.

THE GALAXY will be an original American Magazine of the highest class. Arrangements have accordingly been made for regular contributions from the best known and most meritorious writers in the country; and moreover, the Editor will always seek to elicit and encourage contributions from new authors of real ability or decided genius. The articles in THE GALAXY will be signed with the names of their authors, who will be allowed a wide freedom in the expression of opinions.

The first and second numbers of THE GALAXY, for May first and fifteenth, 1866, contain contributions from John Esten Cooke, Frances Power Cobbe, Rose Terry, George Alfred Townsend, Edmund C. Stedman, the Author of "Emily Chester," Professor Pierre Blot, Dr. W. H. Draper, Stillman S. Conant, General Cluseret, and others.

"The Claverings," by Anthony Trollope, and "Archie Lovell," by Mrs. Edwards, were commenced in the first number of THE GALAXY, and will continue to be published serially simultaneously with their appearance in England. The back numbers of the Magazine containing these stories may always be obtained from a newsdealer or from the proprietors.

PROFESSOR BLOT ON COOKERY.

In the second number of THE GALAXY was commenced a series of articles on Cookery, by Professor Pierre Blot, the well-known teacher of the art. These articles will be made of great practical value to every family. Beside many gastronomical directions of essential importance, they will contain receipts and practical suggestions which must secure for them thousands of readers.

TERMS.

The price of THE GALAXY is 25 cents a number; $5 for the year of twenty-four numbers; $3 for six months—twelve numbers. The volumes for the year will include 2,300 octavo pages, illustrated by twenty-five or more full-page engravings, printed on tinted paper; beside innumerable smaller illustrations, scattered through the text. THE GALAXY may be ordered at the rate of twenty-five cents a number for any length of time desired.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
TERMS.

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And an extra copy will be allowed for every club of five subscribers, at $4 00 each, or six copies for $20 00. Payment invariably in advance.

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Cloth Binding	$7 00 per Volume.
Half Morocco	1 00 "

Each Volume contains the Numbers for One Year.

TERMS TO ADVERTISERS.—One dollar and fifty cents per line for inside, two dollars per line for outside Advertisements, each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHER, Publishers.

READING RAILROAD.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.
April 23, 1866.

Great Trunk Line from the North and Northwest for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Ashland, Lebanon, Allentown, Easton &c., &c.

Trains leave Harrisburg for New York as follows: At 3, 7:40, and 9:05 A.M., and 2 and 9:20 P.M., connecting with similar trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and arriving at New York at 5:10 and 10 A.M., and 3:40 and 10:35 P.M. Sleeping Cars accompany the 3 A.M. and 9:20 P.M. trains, without change.

Leave Harrisburg for Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Minersville, Ashland, Pine Grove, Allentown, and Philadelphia at 7:40 A.M., and 2 and 9:20 P.M., stopping at Lebanon and principal Way Stations; the 9:20 P.M. train making no close connections for Pottsville or Philadelphia. For Pottsville, Schuylkill Haven, and Auburn, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Railroad, leave Harrisburg at 4 15 P.M.

Returning, leave New York at 9 A.M., 12 M. and 8:30 P.M.; Philadelphia at 8 A.M. and 3:30 P.M.; Pottsville at 8:30 A.M. and 2:45 P.M.; Ashland at 6 and 11:15 A.M., and 1:05 P.M.; Tamaqua at 9:45 A.M. and 1 and 8:55 P.M.

Leave Pottsville for Harrisburg, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Railroad, at 7 A.M.

Reading Accomodation Train leaves Reading at 6 A.M., returning from Philadelphia at 5 P.M.

Columbia Railroad Trains leave Reading at 6:45 and 6:15 P.M. for Ephrata, Litiz, Columbia, &c., &c.

On Sundays leave New York at 8:30 P.M.; Philadelphia at 8 A.M. and 3:15 P.M., the 8 A.M. train running only to Reading; Pottsville at 8 A.M.; Tamaqua at 7:30 A.M.; Harrisburg at 9:05 A.M.; and Reading at 1:30 A.M. for Harrisburg, and 10:52 A.M. for New York, and 4:25 P.M. for Philadelphia.

Commutation, Mileage, Season, Excursion, and School Tickets at reduced rates to and from all points.

Baggage checked through. Eighty pounds of baggage allowed each passenger.

G. A. NICOLLS, Gen. Sup't.
Reading, Pa., April 23, 1866.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

The ATLANTIC MONTHLY, by general consent, stands at the head of American magazines. It numbers among its contributors the most eminent writers of the day, both in Prose and Poetry, and its pages have always reflected what is best in American Literature. It has reached a circulation never before gained by any American magazine of this class, and it has, by the long period of its existence and the worth of its contributions, become firmly fixed in public esteem.

The following are among the most prominent regular contributors:
H. W. LONGFELLOW,
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